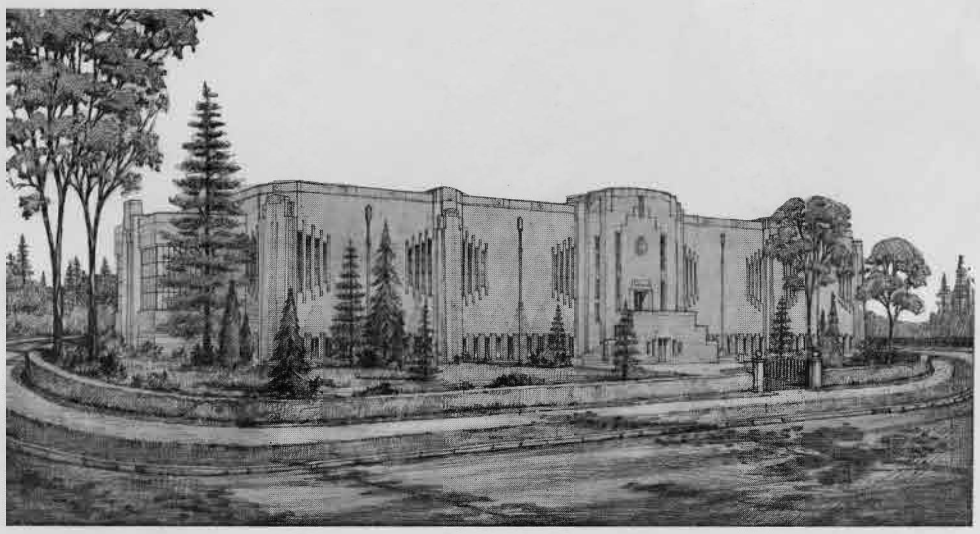
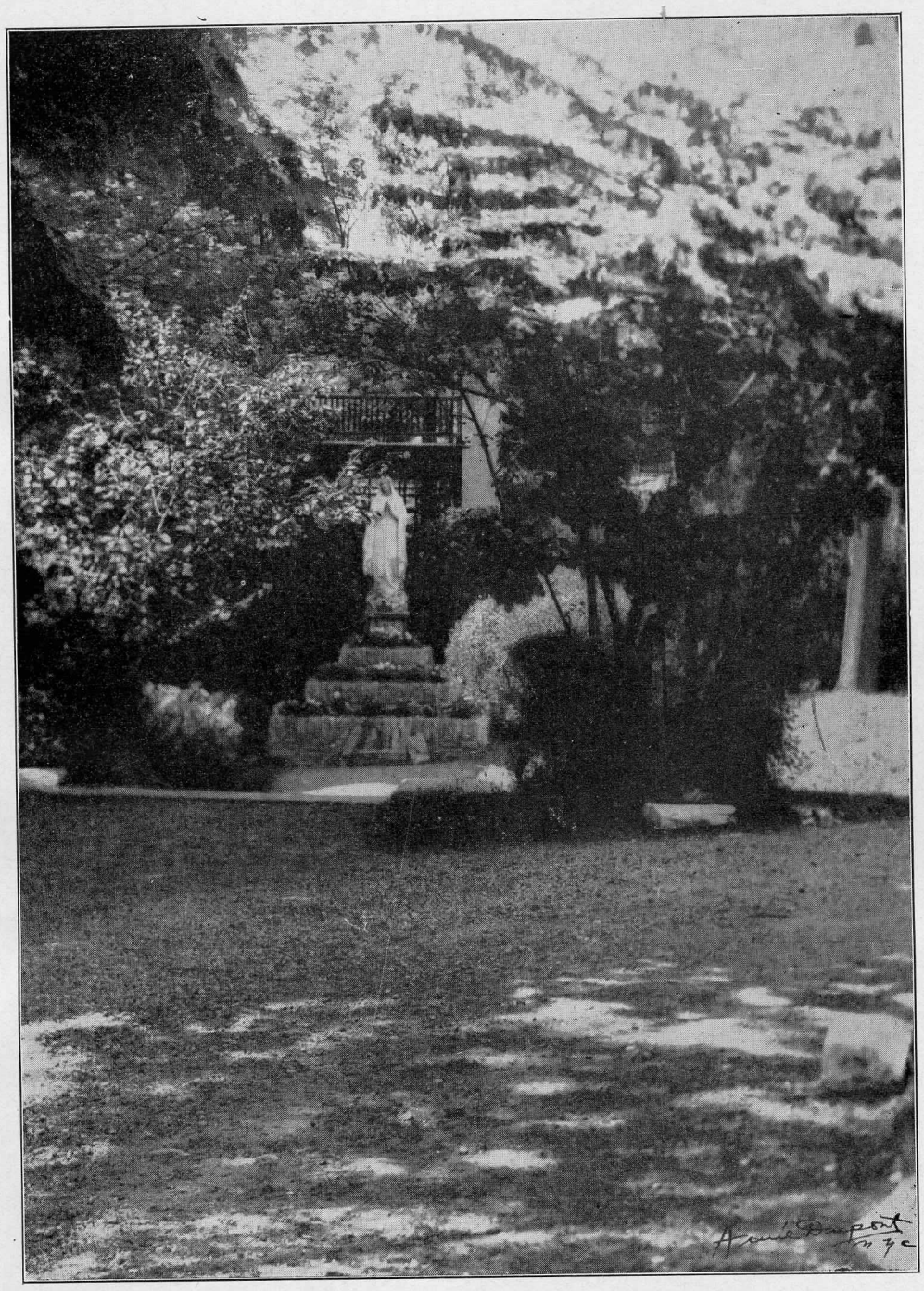
THE TATLER



Commencement Issue
June 1931



TO C. N. R.

These passing days of lingering delights,
The sighing whisper of the morning's breeze,
The stars aglimmering, shadows of the trees
'Gainst Brescia's walls, the velvet moonfilled nights,
Dear Maura's lawns, the chapel bell's sweet call,
Merici's apple blossoms in the spring,
Sweet o'er our Lady's grotto; these are all
But glimpses, for each dear and well-loved thing
Is prisoned in our hearts. We'll ne'er forget
These laughing days of youthful joys and yet
Our four short years are gone and left behind,
Ours for a little while. We shall not find
Such peace again. But memories do not die
So, New Rochelle, from '31—goodbye!

—Marie Adele Guillot '31.

The Book of the Day

The Story of a Heroic French Widow Who Taught the Iroquois Girls 300 Years Ago.

From the New York Sun,
Monday, April 20, 1931

"Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago this month there died in Quebec the woman who was born Marie Guyard, who by marriage became Marie Martin and who, by reason of her thirty years of heroic activity in the Canadian wilderness, lives in history as Mere Marie of the Ursulines, or Marie of the Incarnation. The story of her life is told by Agnes Repplier in "Mere Marie of the Ursulines: A Study in Adventure." Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.

In April, 1922, the 250th anniversary of her death, a solemn triduum in honor of the event was held in the convent of Quebec. It was then that her spirit took the first step toward canonization, being declared "venerable" by Pope Pius the Eleventh. Twenty-two years earlier Pope Leo the Thirteenth called a congress of Ursulines in Rome. The roving daughters of Saint Ursula, who according to tradition had led her band of virgins across feudal Europe to meet violent death at the hands of the Huns at Cologne, gathered from every corner of the known and little-known world. One and all held in deep reverence the name of Marie of the Incarnation.

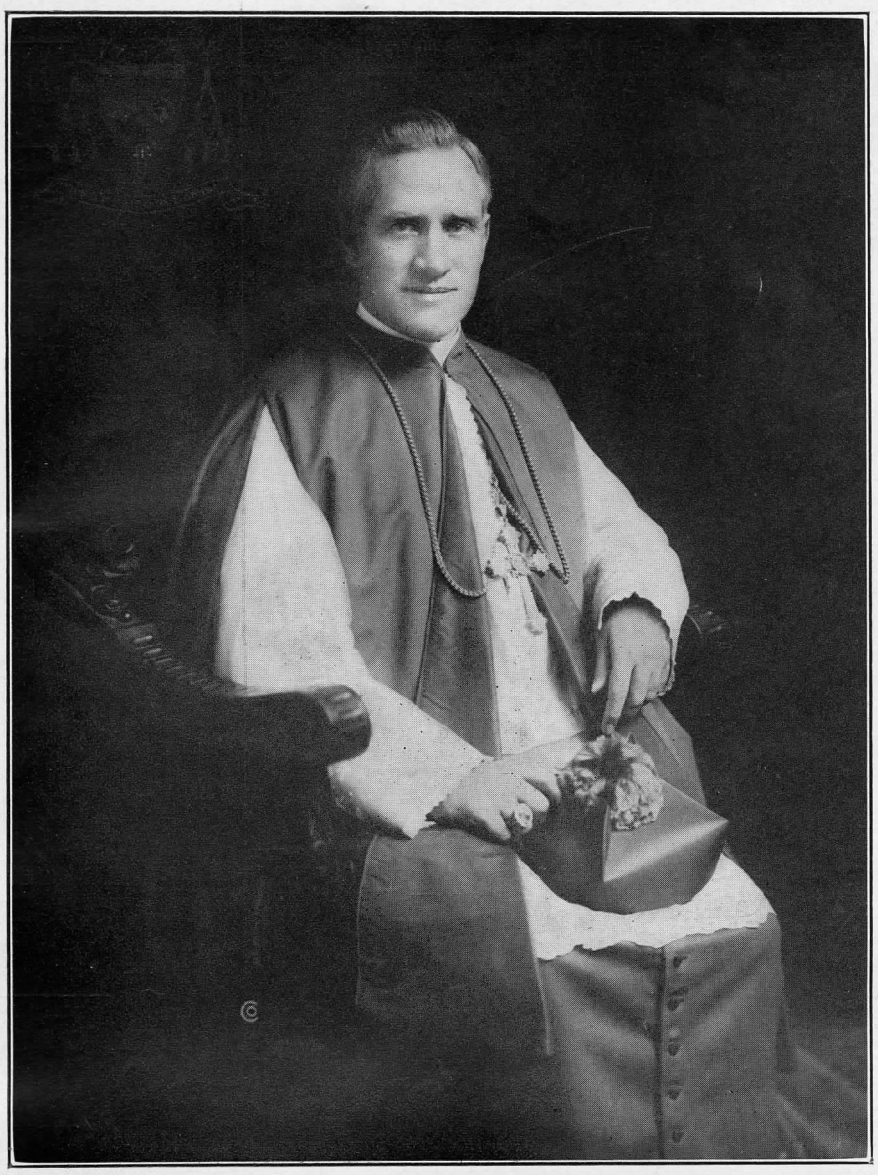
Her achievement and her record of it have enriched not only church but also secular history. Parkman, who was not sympathetic to her, accusing her of "an enormous spiritual pride," drew freely from her, as he drew from the stories of the Jesuit "Relations." In long letters to her son Claude, who had become a Benedictine monk, Mere Marie described simply but practically all that occurred in the Quebec community. These letters James Douglas, who made a study of seventeenth century Quebec, found "more valuable as sources of contemporary history than even the Jesuit 'Relations.' "

* * *

Marie Guyard was born in Tours in October, 1599. Her father was a silk merchant of plain extraction; her mother a descendant of an illustrious house. Relatively little is known of Marie's childhood. When she was fourteen she wished to enter a convent, but could not do so on account of her youth. At seventeen she was married to M. Martin, a wealthy manufacturer of silk, and at nineteen she was a widow with one child. In January, 1631, when she was in her thirty-second year and her boy in his fourteenth year, she entered the Ursuline convent at Tours, and, after a year's novitiate became a full-fledged nun, with the official title of Mere Marie de L'Incarnation. In the quiet convent, where life flowed on in an even current, she was far from the murmur and the agitations of the outside world.

Then came the call that was to change the entire tenor of her existence. Pere Le Jeune, the superior to the Jesuit missions of New France, sent an appeal for nuns to journey to Canada to instruct the little French girls and Christianize the little Indians. It was directed particularly at the Ursulines, who were engaged chiefly in the education of girls. In company with other brave women, among them the Madame de la Peltrie who was to be her close companion in her life work, Mere Marie sailed from Dieppe in May, 1639, reaching Quebec three months later. The ship that carried them across the Atlantic carried also the welcome news of the birth of the Dauphin who was to become Louis the Fourteenth.

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To His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes

O Shepherd Prince who in the prime of youth
Didst shun the leisure road to earthly gain
To guide the Master's sheep through joy and pain,
Walking among the frail with words of truth
Thy charity ever renowned in faith
Kindles thy flock with spiritual flame.
Thy works and alms and every noble aim
Like gracious muses light the rugged earth
To sing the truth of thee on wondrous themes.
Always, the beloved Cardinal of grace,
Shepherd of souls, who guides with kingly hand
The flock of Christ o'er treach'rous hills and streams;
Alleviates the woes of time and place
With power unknown to kings of any land.

—Ann Vermette '33.

The Pope's Encyclical

Pius XI Issues New Plea Commenting On Economic Conditions and Social Justice

In commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of Pope Leo's famous encyclical on labor, "Rerum Novarum", His Holiness Pope Pius XI has issued a new plea for social justice. The new encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno", coming as it has at a time of economic depression when the defects in our social and economic system are everywhere apparent, has gripped popular attention all over the world. In this papal document, His Holiness has explained to the members of the Church and indicated to the world at large an ample program which still remains to be accomplished before the courageous and splendid initiatives of Pope Leo XIII can be said to have completely attained their fruition.

It is divided into three sections. The first is devoted to a reiteration of the importance of Leo XIII's work and enumerates the foremost among the many inestimable benefits which have resulted from the encyclical "Rerum Novarum". His Holiness calls it the Magna Carta of all Cathloic activity in the social sphere. It has given impulse to the development of sociology and economics according to Catholic principles; it has promoted instruction for the working class in religious, moral, and social subjects; and it has gradually substituted a new social policy more favorable to justice.

In the second part, His Holiness goes on to examine the points which are most often controverted or about which, in view of the changing conditions of modern times, he deems it particularly necessary to speak in clear and authoritative language. The encyclical vindicates the right and even the solemn duty of the Church and of its head to interfere in social problems in so far as these problems fall under the moral and evangelical law. It recalls the words of Leo XIII in regard to capital and labor: "Capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital." Since there has been in the past and is at present an excessive and unjust disproportion of wealth between capital and labor, it is essential that our economic system be entirely reconstructed.

Our Holy Father claims that the condition of the workingman can be improved by the adjustment of wages so as to meet the requirements of an honest workingman. Toward the end of the second part, he traces the general lines according to which the social order must be renewed if it is to correspond with the laws of justice. The various trades, industries, and occupations, he says, must all work together for the common good in order that human society may be more cordially united and harmoniously organized.

In the third part the Holy Father, from his lofty apostolic chair, casts a general glance at the economic state of the modern world. He does not condemn it as evil in itself but he cannot fail to recognize that it is seriously warped and burdened with grave abuses. He decries the present exaggerated concentration in the hands of a few of the whole economic power which ultimately degenerates into tyrannical despotism.

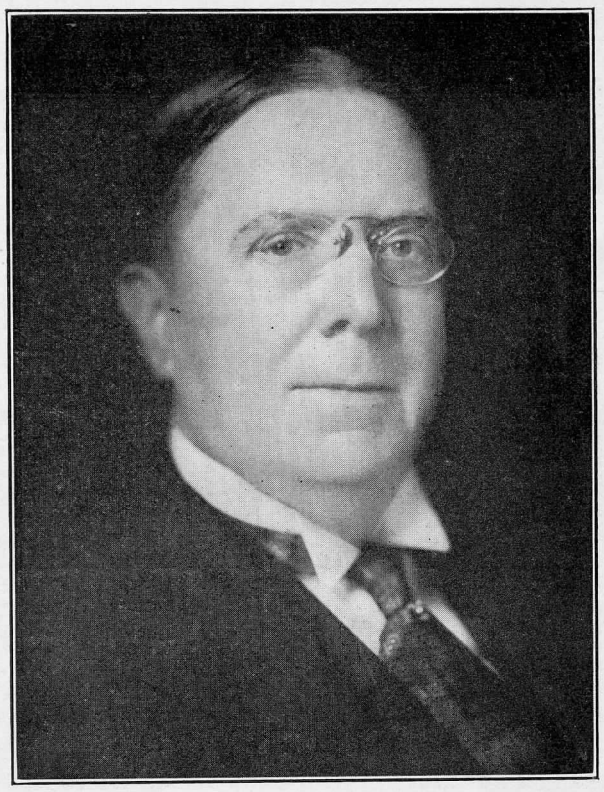
Socialism, which strives to correct this evil, he finds is a remedy worse than the disease itself and one which is not reconcilable with Catholic doctrines. He says: "No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist."

The Holy Father then indicates with keen insight and great precision the remedies for present

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Victor Dowling To Give Commencement Address

The Commencement address on Monday afternoon, June 8, will be given by Victor James Dowling, L.L.D., K.S.G., recently retired judge of the New York Supreme Court Bench, and practicing lawyer of New York City. Judge Dowling's is a name to be reckoned with in the Catholic and legal worlds and has justly won his claim to renown.



He received his A. B. at Manhattan College in 1883 and five years later added an M. A. from the same institution. He studied law at New York University law school where he won the first prizes for the best written and best oral examinations and was graduated L. L. B. in 1887.

Mr. Dowling practiced in New York City with William Q. Titus in the firm of Titus and Dowling until 1905. He was elected to the state assembly in 1894 and served as state senator for two terms from 1901 to 1904. He was elected justice of the New York Supreme Court in 1904 and has continued on that bench to the present time having been appointed by Governor Hughes, as associate justice of the appellate division, first department in 1910, and presiding justice of that department January 1, 1927. Among the notable cases that came before him was the second trial of Harry K. Thaw for killing Stanford White in 1908. He received the renomination of both political parties in 1918.

He possesses a profound knowledge of the law with a facility in interpreting and construing it and a sympathetic understanding of human nature. His decisions and opinions have been models of legal reasoning and impartial and fearless. Justice Dowling is a member of the American Bar Association, New York State Bar Association, Association of the Bar of the City of New York, and the New York County Lawyers Association, Modern Historic Record Association, (former president), the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick (ex-president), the Manhattan Club (ex-president) and the Hobby Club (first president). He is also trustee of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Church of the Holy Trinity in New York City, and the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of the United States.

The honorary L. L. D. degree was conferred on him by Manhattan College in 1906, New York University in 1908, Fordham University in 1911, the University of Notre Dame in 1917, and Columbia University in 1930.

He is a commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre (1908). Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great (1916), commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, (1919), commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy (1928), commander of the Order of the Cross of Merit of Hungary (1928) and Officer of the Legion of Honor of France (1929). He was made a Grand Cross of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and appointed President General for the United States by the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem in 1930. He also received the honor of Magistral Knight of the Sovereign Military Order of the Knights of Malta in 1931.

Among the historical occasions on which Judge Dowling delivered addresses were the unveiling of the monument at Washington erected in memory of Christopher Columbus by the United States government; the presentation of the statue of Robert Emmet to the Smithsonian institute, accepted by President Woodrow Wilson; the meeting at City Hall, New York, during war times, at which he presided and ex-President Roosevelt and Ambassador Jusserand were the speakers. He was the spokesman for the Catholic laity of the archdiocese of New York on the return of Cardinals Farley and Hayes from the conferring of the red hat at Rome, delivering his addresses in the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He delivered the first address of welcome to Cardinal Bonzano, on his arrival as Delegate to the United States, and the address of congratulation to Cardinal Gibbons on his Golden Jubilee, both of these functions taking place at the Catholic Club. He also spoke at the banquet in honor of Archbishop Ryan in Philadelphia, of Cardinal O'Donnell of Ireland in Chicago during the Eucharistic Congress, and of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium at the Knights of Columbus welcome in New York. Also at the public reception to Bishop Rummel on his installation at Omaha. He was one of the speakers at the great pilgrimage to Auriesville, in honor of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, whose canonization he attended as a member of the Papal household at St. Peters in Rome, on June 29, 1930, being on active duty as a Papal Chamberlain that day, one of the few Americans who ever served in such a function. He has had the high honor of two private interviews with His Holiness, Pope XI, in 1927 and 1930, each of nearly an hour's duration. He resigned from the Bench in March 1931 and is now in the active practice of the law.

N.R.C. Tour Group To Sail June 24

Itinerary Includes Ten Countries

The New Rochelle travel group will sail this year on June 24, on the S. S. Vulcania under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Travel Bureau. Miss Anita McLoughlin will chaperone the tour in which the following have already signed up: Miss Catherine McLoughlin. Dorothy Devitt '31, Mary Devitt '27, Anne Rogan '32, Dorothy Rogan. Edith Hull '32, Catherine Sullivan Clara Menard, Charlotte Hanlon '27, and Marjorie Magan '32. The itinerary is as follows—

June 24—New York.
June 30—Azores.
July 2—Gibraltar
July 3—Algiers
July 5—Naples
July 6—Dalmatia
July 7-8-9—Venice
July 10-15—Rome, Perugia, Florence.
July 16—Milan and Italian Lakes.
July 17-21—Lucerne, Interlaken, Zurich, Black Forest.
July 22-23—Heidelberg, Rhine River.
July 24—Brussels
July 25-31—London, Cambridge, Lincoln, Windermere, Stratford, London.
Aug. 1-5—Paris
Aug. 6—Avignon
Aug. 7-8—The Riviera
Aug. 10—Lisbon
Aug. 17—New York.

Siamese Majesties Invited To College

May 2, 1931

His Excellency
The Honorable Major General
Prince Adoradat Kridakara, M.
Minister of Siam,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:—

We are happy that their Majesties, the King and Queen of Siam are residing so near to us here at New Rochelle. We feel a more than common bond with your country as some of our Ursuline religious conduct a school in Bangkok, Ploen Chitr Road, and which has among its pupils a niece of His Majesty.

We should be very glad if you could arrange a visit to our College, which is only a short drive of not more than a half hour from Purchase, and would not, consequently, be a strain upon the King's health. We should appreciate the opportunity to extend courtesies to those who have shown so much consideration to us in Siam.

We realize the King's condition and shall pray for a successful operation and for the permanent recovery of His Majesty.

Hoping that we may have a favorable answer, I beg you to accept, Excellency, the assurance of my highest consideration.

Signature.

NOTICE

Resident students are to report at the College on Tuesday evening, September 22, 1931. Registration on Wednesday, September 23rd, for new students. Regular classes begin for all on Thursday, September 24th.

No further notice will be given.

Seniors Will Receive Degrees This Afternoon

Sophs Entertain Big Sisters For Last Time

Serenade By Juniors Climax Of Evening

The formal farewell party to the Seniors was given by their sister class, the Sophomores, in Maura, June 5, at eight o'clock. Florence Walsh was chairman of the affair. Dancing was enjoyed after which refreshments consisting of strawberry shortcake, punch and ice-cream were served in the dining room. The hall was artistically decorated in red and white, the Senior colors. While refreshments were being served, the Seniors were serenaded with their banner song and other college songs by members of the Junior Class.

The entertainment which followed was furnished by members of the Sophomore class. Audrey Meehan exhibited tap dancing; Lillian Walsh sang several popular songs accompanying herself on the ukelele, and Billie Meagher and Jane Clary gave a humorous skit referring to commencement events.

The girls in charge for the evening and who contributed to the success of the last sister class party were: Chairman of refreshments—Olga Pohlman assisted by Eleanor Fischer, Marion O'Brien and Alyse Graham. Chairman of entertainment—Irene Broderick assisted by Lillian Walsh, Audrey Meehan, and Jane Clary, Chairman of decorations—Kathleen Nugent assisted by Betty Dempsey and Clare Nolan.

Many Clubs Elect New Officers

The following are the newly elected officers of various campus clubs:

Spanish Club

Grace Walter '32 President
Anne Rourke '32 Secretary
Mary Stone '34 Treasurer

German Club

Anna Kempf '32 President
Doris Coulombe '32 .. Vice-President
Katherine Langguth '33 Secretary
Helen Pfreimer '33 Treasurer
Catherine Moore '32 Bus. Man.

Math Club

Helen Callaghan '32 President
Mary Holloway '32 Vice-President
Margaret Roberts '33 Secretary
Mary Williams '32 Treasurer

Circolo Dante

Concetta Zito '32 President
Josephine Russo '32 Vice-President
Clarice D'Andrea '32 Cor. Sec.
Angeline Spagnola '33 Secretary
Aurora Ciccarone '32 Treasurer

French Club

Constance Drapeau '32 President
Doris Coulombe '32 Vice-President
Marie Colle '32 Secretary
Irene Broderick '33 Treasurer
Helen Callaghan '32—
Chairman of Entertainment

Glee Club

Gertrude Datwyler '32 President
Mary O'Brien '32 Vice-President
Jane Law '34 Secretary
Eleanor Enright '33 Treasurer

Art Club

Ruth Keyes '32 President
Mary Holloway '32 Vice-President
Mary Angela Ormston '32 Sect'y
Rosina Zito '34 Treasurer
Eleanor Cohn '32 Rec. Secretary

Scribblers

Louise Sullivan '32 President
Marion Magner '32—
Vice-Pres. and Treasurer

Doctor's Daughter's

Ann Tracy '32 President

New Members Tapped For A. N. O.

Senior Ball To Close Commencement Activities

The twenty-fourth annual commencement week with all its gaiety and tradition was ushered in by the Sodality Mass on June 6, and reaches the climax this afternoon at four o'clock when His eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes will preside at the exercises and confer the degrees; while the Hon. Victor J. Dowling, L. L. D. former Justice of the appellate division of the Supreme Court and Knight of St. George, will address the graduates.

The Missa Cantata which formally opened the events was celebrated in the College Chapel, Saturday morning, June 6, with the entire student body in attendance. The Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D.,D.D., of Catholic University, Washington, D. C., delivered an inspiring sermon and awarded gold Sodality crosses to the following Seniors who filled the necessary requirements: Alice Carrig, Eileen Cleary, Yvette Coderre, Mary Coe, Ruth Davey, Annabelle Dawson, Elizabeth Doyle, Josephine Dubuisson, Loretta Dwyer, Irene English, Mary Flynn, Helen Higgins, Margaret Kempf, Mary Kennedy, Alice Lenny, Mary McKenny, Veronica Maine, Eleanor Mansfield, Beatrice Masin, Mary Morrissey, Beatrice Noone, Eleanor Parker, Elizabeth Rooney, Marguerite Shanahan, Virginia Ann Smith.

Immediately after the Mass, Alpha Nu Omicron "tapping" took place. In preparation for the ceremony the Junior class formed a square on campus and the outgoing members bestowed the keys of the society on the Juniors who will form the literary staff of the 1932 Annales. The President of the 1931 Alpha Nu Omicron tapped the Editor of the 1932 Yearbook, thereby leaving with her the traditions of the society. Each member of the 1931 A. N. O. in turn invested a member of the 1932 Annales staff. The old members are—Mary E. P. Broderick, President; Marguerite Shanahan, Vice-president; Virginia Ann Smith, secretary; Ruth Shaffer, Claire Cuneen, Virginia Crowley, Edna Diebold, Catherine Ellison, Eleanor Haggerty, Josephine Dubuisson, Helen Higgins, Adele Toering, and Catherine Yarter. The newly welcomed members are:

Marion Hickey, Marion Magner, Catherine Dunning, Catherine Moore, Virginia Hughes, Virginia Alford, Frances Kerwin, Rhoda Watnik, Jewell Keesing, Helen Hanson, Anne O'Loughlin, Katherine Dillon and Marjorie Magan.

The Class Day exercises were begun at two-thirty o'clock when Virginia Crowley, Senior President, presented the Senior Stairs to the Junior Class. Vice-president Catherine McDonough then took charge of the planting of the Senior Tree on the Campus aided by her fair cohorts. The Daisy Chain Procession followed and the participants presented a colorful picture as the Seniors stirringly rendered the praises of their Alma Mater while marching between the daisy chain borne by the most representative members of the Junior Class. The girls who shared the honor were: Nancy Garry, Mary O'Brien, Frances Clune, Marion Magner, Marjorie Magan, Marie Colle, Helen Callaghan, Marie Dowd, Martha Sullivan, Virginia Hughes, Mary Angela Ormston, Grace Walter, Rita Austin, Virginia Alford, Katherine Dillon, Grace Ryan, Mary Keenaghan, Jeanne Sullivan, Ann Rogan, Marcella Healy, Margaret Kirk, Eileen O'Mara, Kathryn Murphy, Marian Hickey.

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Monsignor Chidwick Has Had Colorful Career

Was Chaplain On Battleship Maine

The College of New Rochelle is proud of her President, Rt. Rev. Monsignor John P. Chidwick, and justly so. His life has been a glorious record of loyalty and service to both Church and country. It is with a mingled feeling of pride and devotion that the "Tatler" pays a tribute to him with a brief summary of his career.

John Patrick Chidwick was born in New York City in 1863. He attended Manhattan College where he received his A.B. degree in 1883 and his A. M., 1885. He entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, in 1883 and was ordained four years later.

Following his ordination in December, 1887, he spent seven years as curate in St. Stephen's parish, East 28th St., New York. In 1895 Father Chidwick became a Chaplain in the United States Navy. During the Spanish-American War he was assigned to the U.S.S. Maine and U.S.S. Cincinnati.

The story of Father Chidwick's heroic action aboard the Maine has become traditional at New Rochelle. Everyone knows how, early in 1898, the Maine was blown up by a mine in the port of Havana, Cuba, with a considerable loss of American lives. Father Chidwick and a lieutenant lowered a boat and rowed around the stricken vessel, rescuing the sailors who had been hurled into the water by the force of the explosion. On returning to the Maine, he helped tend the wounded, and was among the last to leave the warship with Captain Sigsbee.

Father Chidwick remained in the Navy until 1903, serving as Chaplain on the U.S.S. New York and also in the Washington and New York Navy Yards. After his retirement he was appointed Pastor of St. Ambrose's Church, N. Y., in which capacity he served until his promotion by Cardinal Farley in August, 1909, to the presidency of St. Joseph's Seminary. In 1916 Father Chidwick was made Domestic Prelate by Pope Pius X, with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor. In 1922 Monsignor Chidwick was appointed Rector of St. Agnes' Church, East 43rd St., a position which he still holds, and in 1923 was placed on the board of diocesan consulters by Archbishop

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S.S.C. Promotes Catholic Action

Ideals For Seniors Are Formulated

Catholic Action has always been of great interest at New Rochelle. With the knowledge of the cooperation that could be depended upon from the student body, an organization composed of one or two members from each of the major clubs on campus that are suitable for carrying out the plan of furthering Catholic Action, was formed last year and known as the Students' Spiritual Council.

The clubs represented in the Council are Alpha Alpha, Scribblers, Press Club, Debating, Choir, League of the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin's Sodality, Mission Clubs and Quarterly. Part of the weekly class religious assembly is given over to one of the members of the Council whose duty it is to discuss some problem pertinent to the clubs of which she is a representative.

(Continued on page 21)

Alpha Alpha Closes Interesting Year

Alpha Alpha convened for the last time when it held a social meeting in Brescia living-room on Tuesday evening, May 12th. Giaconda Lazzari and Virginia Gilmartin, although not members, attended and offered musical entertainment. Father Brady, after discussing Catholic Education and the Pope's Encyclical on that subject, bid farewell to the girls wishing them every success in their future endeavors.

During the year this society has accomplished a great deal. It has treated of the main philosophers such as Kant, Schopenhauer and Dewey. Subjects in the fields of psycho-analysis and humanism have been discussed and the theories of the modern authors, O'Neill and Galsworthy, studied.

Altogether it has been a most fruitful venture for all the members. They have passed several enjoyable evenings and as a result have accumulated a gratifying amount of valuable knowledge in the spheres of modern philosophy.

Mission Day Has Indoor Celebration Because of Rain

Successfully Carried Through Despite Bad Weather

Though weather conditions necessitated an indoor celebration of Mission Day, May 14, approximately $1000 was cleared. There were about 200 outside guests present.

Rev. Gerald Treacy, S. J. celebrated High Mass for the students at 8 o'clock, after which the members of the different class committees made the necessary alterations in their plans for outdoor events. At 2:15 the freshmen had a circus parade outside the gymnasium where two performances were held in the course of the afternoon.

Masqueraded as wild animals, freshmen staged regular ring feats, with vendors selling hot dogs, balloons, peanuts, and ice cream. A bus load of cadets from St. Angela Merici School in New York City came to see the show and contributed to the entertainment with one of their drills.

The Juniors used Brescia living-room as the setting for their fashion show. The gowns, which were furnished by Ware's Department Store, typified the predominating styles of spring and summer. Sport frocks, beach pajamas, informal and formal afternoon dresses were modeled by a group of Juniors, and the last feature consisted of a presentation of formal and informal evening gowns. Ann Rogan was in charge of the affair.

Immediately after the display, the sophomores staged an indoor May Court in the gymnasium. Katherine Langguth '33, who won the beauty contest, was May Queen and made basket awards to the outstanding girls on campus. They were Dorothy Reilly, Virginia Crowley, Mary Morrissey, Nancy Garry, Martha Sullivan, Alice Farley, Katherine Rourke and Mary Byrne. The Queen's attendants were Mildred Hughes, Martha Sullivan, Audrey Meehan, Catherine Foley, Alice Farley, Peggy Flannagan Bernice Kingsley, and Peggy Welsh; the ring bearer was Betty Bellizzi from Blessed Sacrament School and Teddy Kenny from Larchmont was page.

The senior show, "All at Sea", marked the grand finale of the afternoon. Under the management of Isabel Muldoon and Betty Maher, this musical comedy was presented. Virginia Gilmartin, Loretta Dwyer, Dorothy Reilly, and Virginia Ann Smith rendered solos as the play progressed.

The members of the cast in order of appearance were:

Porter Giaconda Lazarri
Rose Cele Shannon
Mrs. Seton Alice Lynch
Alison, her daughter Loretta Dwyer
Carol Smith Virginia Ann Smith
Steve Randall Eleanor Reidy
Aunt Catherine Estelle McDonough
Tony Brook Dorothy Reilly

Scene I—On the pier at Southhampton, England. Time 11:30 A. M.

Scene II—Dining room on board S. S. Mauretania. 9:30 P. M.

Scene III—On deck three days later—the morning.

Dances

Scene I—Young ladies of the New Rochelle College Tour: Margery Mohan, Adele Toering, Betty Buckley, Edna Diebold, Mary Lawrence, Marie Conklin. (Strange Interlude) Soft Shoe Dance: Billie Benoit, Betty Maher, Mary Flannagan, Isabel Snyder, Barbara Kamp.

Scene II—Guest Artists at Banquet.
Harp Soloist Loretta Dwyer
Vocal Soloist Virginia Gilmartin
Waltz—Virginia Parker, Elvira Selgas, Josita Coonan, Cecile

(Continued on page 21)

Bishop Cassidy Gives Baccalaureate Sermon

Well-Known Prelate Of Fall River

The graduating class of the College of New Rochelle for the year 1931 was gloriously ushered into the new life at the Baccalaureate sermon given Sunday, June 7, by the Rt. Rev. James E. Cassidy, D.D., auxiliary Bishop of Fall River, Massachusetts. Bishop Cassidy's sermon was one of intensified kindness, advice and mercy.

Known and beloved in his diocese and outside, the Bishop, whose consecration took place May 27, 1930, is known by "his entire career" which "has been one long splendid record of achievement, not only in improving the moral tone of every community that came under the sphere of his influence but in raising the moral standards far and wide." Examples of this are evident in the city of Fall River, where the depression of the past year has left a marked and woeful imprint. His charities in the city have exceeded all other personal and public institutions for that purpose. He was a great help to the mill worker, who has particularly suffered, and he has been always a felt influence in all he has undertaken. During his vicar generalship, he conceived the idea of a day nursery which was a boon to the mothers who were forced to labor daily. Always interested in children, and faithfully upholding our Lord's words concerning the guidance by little children, he was responsible for the remodeling and renovating of a local Orphanage. He stressed the beauties of nature by the cultivation of grounds and the artistic display of flowers and shrubs around the rectories and churches in the city. Clearly "wherever he was placed, the fruits of his labor became visible immediately and continued to grow." He has been referred to as "Indeed the Ideal Shepherd", by no means a merely nominal allusion. Constantly, Bishop Cassidy has been the spiritual and temporal guide of members of his own particular flock and of all those in need of guidance. Since he is always a leader towards the highest ideals, we are fortunate in securing his words of direction for our future lives. We may be certain that his words, could they be weighed, would be worth their weight in gold, as such materialness is meagre compared to the fund of human kindness and love contained in his slightest counsel.

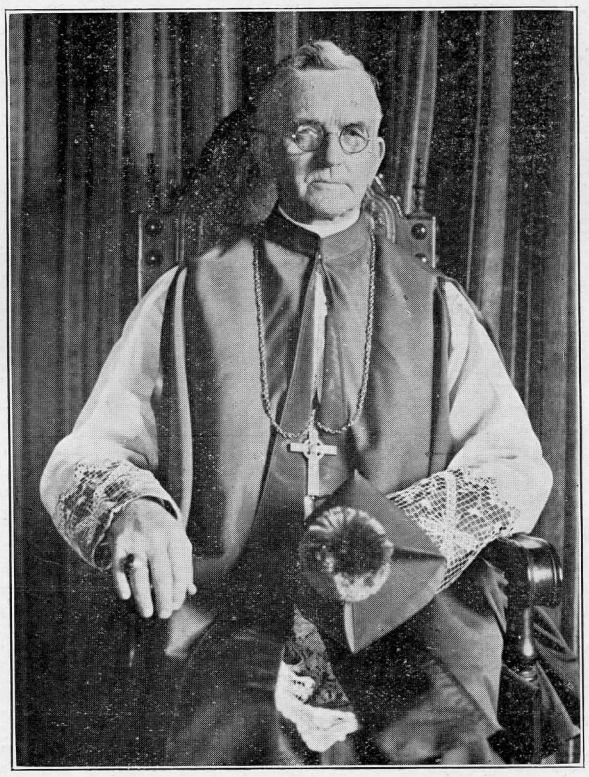
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Spanish Club Meets In Maura

The closing meeting of the Spanish Club, at which fifty members were present, was held in Maura Living Room, from four-thirty to six on Thursday, May 21. Irene Broderick '33 was chairman.

Senora Becerra awarded a pin to Marion Lindemann '31, in recognition of her splendid work in Spanish for the past four years. Dorothy Roche, the retiring President, announced that the club had been invited to join a national Spanish sorority.

A social was held after the business was concluded. Lillian Walsh '33 played and sang; Louise Sullivan '32, read a Spanish poem; Gertrude Datwyler '32 played Spanish music and Eleanor Ney '33 sang several Spanish songs. Rita Sweeney '34, accompanied by Marjorie Finn who later played a piano solo, tap-danced, and Helen Messuri '34 gave a very unique interpretation of Maurice Chevalier.



Juniors Are High Scorers Field Day

New Rochelle's annual Field Day was held on Saturday, May 16, at the College Athletic Field. The Junior Class scored highest, and have thus merited the silver cup. Mary Flanagan, '31, had the highest individual score for the day, and Jean Moneta '32, and Campbell, tied for second place. The Juniors won the baseball game, played with the Seniors, to the tune of 12-17.

The final placings in the various events were:

High Jump

Rice, '34 4'4"
Yedowitz, '34 4'3"
Kamp, '31 4'2"

Baseball Throw

Flanagan, '31 188'3"
Campbell 168'5½"
Grady 154'4"

Discus Throw

O'Mara, '31 57'7¾"
Moneta, '32 49'3"
Napoliello, '33 46'10½"

Basketball Throw

Flanagan, '31 67'5½"
Harcomb, '34 64'11½"
Grady, '34 64'4"

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Boarders' Sodality Accomplishes Many Good Works

Meetings Become More Interesting As Girls Take Part

"Queen of the Angels, Mary, thou whose smile
Adorns the heaven with their brightest ray;
Calm star that o'er the sea directs the way
Of wandering barks unto their homing isle;
By all thy glory, Virgin without guile,
Relieve me of my grievous woes, I pray!
Protect me, save me from the snares that stay
Beyond to misdirect me and defile.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is the oldest religious organization on campus. In the past the work of its members was largely confined to the promotion of one purpose,—personal perfection. Recently, however, in answer to the Holy Father's call for lay Catholic Action, the Sodality has awakened to new life and vigor, and the original aims of the founders of the first Sodality, which was designed to counteract the evil effects of the Reformation, became an essential part of the local society's program. This original aim was three-fold: the sodalist was to practice personal holiness, to act with charity towards his neighbor, and to defend the teachings and practices of the Church against the charges of the ignorant or malicious.

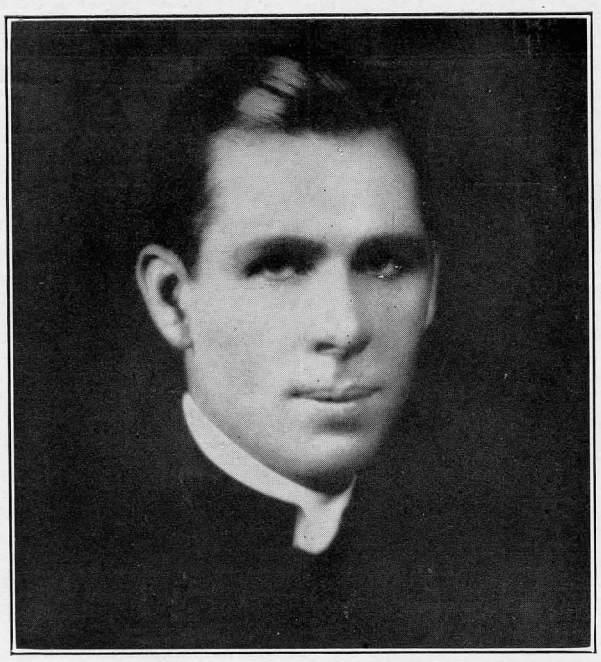
In the campus sodality active members are expected to attend Mass and to receive the Sacraments frequently. In this manner do they attain a certain personal holiness. During the past year social service work has been an element of paramount importance in the structure of the society. At each meeting timely topics or controversial religious subjects are discussed. Such discussions imply, on the part of the sodalists, a knowledge of Christian doctrine, as well as an insight into religious problems sufficiently broad to insure a defense of the Church's views whenever necessity should arise.

Every Catholic girl is a member of the College Sodality. Each class meets separately once a month, the girls first gathering together in the Chapel where they recite in unison the Rosary of Our Lady, and following this for a social meeting held in the Brescia Club Room. The chairman of the evening conducts a program which as a rule consists of music, short lectures or debates, and practical discussions. At these meetings the members propose and plan the active field work which they are to undertake. The school year 1930-1931 has witnessed the accomplishment of a widespread charitable program for working in groups the four classes have assisted the poor in a material way. At Christmas the Senior, Junior and Freshman classes sponsored a drive for warm clothes which they distributed among the poor of New Rochelle, those garments given by the Juniors having been made by the girls themselves. The Sophomores donated the large quantity of clothes, toys and food which they had collected, to the Madonna Settlement House in New York City. Later in the year they sponsored a bridge party, the proceeds from which provided First Communion outfits for two little girls.

For many years the Sodality has followed the established custom of awarding to those graduates of the college who have by frequent reception of the Sacraments, regular attendance at Sodality meetings, and consistently excellent conduct, proved themselves worthy sodalists, a plain gold cross bearing the col-

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FATHER SHEEN ADDRESSES GIRLS AT SODALITY MASS



Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D., delivered an address at the Sodality Mass last Saturday morning, June 6.

Dr. Fulton Sheen is Professor of Apologetics at the Catholic University of America and has the well-earned reputation of being one of the most intellectual and powerful speakers in this part of the country. He treats of religious subjects of universal interest and displays great tact and directness in replying to questions. One of Father Sheen's greatest forensic gifts is his ability to tersely twist a phrase having either a moral or philosophical lesson. For example, when speaking against birth control he described it as "bootlegging the stork". Father Sheen was particularly prominent this Lent because of the sermons he preached every Sunday morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral and every Sunday evening he broadcasted from the Paulist Fathers' station WLWL. Short summaries of these sermons have been collected into a book published recently which is called, "New Labels and Old Errors". His other works are "God and Intelligence", "Religion Without God", "The Life of All Living", and "The Divine Romance."

Rev. Father Sheen was born July 18, 1895 at El Paso, Indiana. At an early age he was endowed with rich gifts of faith and learning and adorned with many acknowledgements of his rich scholarship. He received the degree B. A. from St. Victors College, Bourbannais, Illinois in 1917; Ph.D., Louvain, Belgium, 1923; D.D., Rome, 1924; Agrege en Philosophie, Louvain, Belgium, 1925. He also bears the distinction of being the only American ever made Honorary Professor of the University of Louvain, Belgium. He is a winner of the Cardinal Mercier prize in philosophy. Father Sheen served as professor of Dogmatic Theology in the London Diocesan Seminary; as preacher of the Summer Conference in Westminster Cathedral, London, 1925-26-28-29, and 30, and as lecturer at Cambridge University, Summer School, 1930, where, it is believed, he will lecture again the coming season.

Current Events Club Progresses

With the various branches of learning at New Rochelle very well represented in the social field, there was a need felt for the further pursuit of extra- curricula interest in the direction of history. To fill this need, the Current Events Club was organized in 1929 with a charter membership of ten seniors. Margaret Clifford was the first president, and under her guidance, the club took its place among the higher rank of campus activities.

The aim of the Current Events Club is not that of a social nature. It attempts to stimulate interest in the current happenings of the world. It does not interest itself solely in subjects of a historical background, but also concerns itself with literature connected in any way whatsoever with history. This aim, coupled with the fact that the club has sponsored meetings that offer purely "food for thought," places it among the more exclusive clubs on campus.

In 1930, under the capable presidency of Hermine Delee, the club progressed in calibre as well as membership. Thirty being the limit to the number of members, it may be interesting to note that this quota has never been filled. Entrance requirement is the writing of a paper upon a designated topic specified at the time of try-outs.

During the year 1931, Catherine Ellison, as president, brought the club to its present advanced status. Her untiring efforts seem to have instilled their effects in the current membership, for an unusually successful year has just been completed. Dr. Schuler acting as Moderator has done much to create a more thorough understanding of the topics discussed by the members and has brought about a more adequate appreciation of current news as it is placed before the girls in this group. This year, he offered a lecture that was open to the entire student body. All current topics of wide interest have been brought to the immediate attention of the members by means of papers written by one who had a particular interest in that subject, while an open forum of discussion followed. The membership this year totals 22, a desirable number for a group of such a nature.

Sodality Helps Day Students Toward Spiritual Goal

Classes Represented On An Executive Board

From the time she falters through her first "Hail Mary," the Catholic girl has one supreme exemplar, Mary, the Mother of God, her ideal. In her childish prayer, she folds her hands "like the blessed Mother does in the statue." The years bring to her the realization that here is the open sesame to all the unfathomable treasures of Catholic Christian spirituality. To the college woman, Mary is more than ever a necessity. Without her, modern ideas of ethics and economics cannot but shatter all the ideals of womanliness that early years of Catholic training have implanted. It is fitting then that the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary should be of primary importance in developing the spiritual lives of the students. Especially is this true of the non-resident student. The resident student has religious contact and influence which the day-student cannot receive. Explanation of doctrine in the classroom is not sufficient to foster practical piety. On the sodality depends the religious affiliation of the day-student body with the college.

How does it endeavor to fulfill this trust? Organization is the first requisite. Under the able direction of Sister M. Margaret, Moderator, the sodality is officered by a President—Kathleen Cotter '31; and a representative from each class—Gertrude Bailey, '31, Marie Sealy '32, Theresa Falls '33 and Jessie O'Brien '34. This board meets weekly to discuss problems and plans of the Sodality. Each Class meets as a unit once a month. The class president presides over the meeting the program of which is devotional and inspirational. After recitation of the litany of the Blessed Virgin, informal talks an timely topics are given by various members of the class. Each class is divided into several committees—Eucharistic Committee, Our Lady's Committee—the duties of which are to provide material for the programs at the monthly meetings. Sometimes the meeting takes the form of an open forum with the speaker answering and discussing questions from the floor. Then, each member is asked personally and privately whether or not she has yet to receive Holy Communion that month. In this way a regular check on the reception of Holy Communion by the girls is made possible. Collection later of unsigned slips stating the number of communions received show the average to be much higher than the minimum of once a month. The girls are urged to receive Holy Communion frequently, to attend Mass often. Daily recitation of the rosary is stressed. Various other pious practices are suggested. In addition, lest the influence of the meeting wane during the intervening month—the bulletin-board in the day student's living room is kept posted with practical suggestions, devotional pictures, and reminders of all sorts.

To foster interest in the Sodality, national sodality pins are awarded each year to those Seniors, who in the eyes of the board, have earned this honor by outstanding activity in the Sodality. Among the requirements for this award is the reception, at least monthly, of Holy Communion during the four years spent at the college. This annual service was held May 6th, 1931. After an inspiring address by the Reverend Peter Hoey, C.S.P., our Blessed Mother's statue was crowned by Kathleen Cotter, President of the Sodality. The Sodality awards were then made to the following girls; Gertrude Bailey, Helen Brennan, Clara Ciccarone,

(Continued on page 21)

PROPS AND PAINT SURVEYS ITS PAST

As its twentieth year draws to a close, Props and Paint quietly steps back, and surveys with a certain amount of just pride, its crowded and famed existance.

When, in 1906, Reverend Mother Augustine founded the Dramatic Society of the College, she could not possibly have realized the heights to which it would climb. Perhaps the mid-year plays made it grow; or the dignified monthly meetings; or even the class plays. Anyone of these might have exercised a great deal of influence in the enlarging of the Club, but it is morally certain that Props and Paint would not be what it is today, had it not been for the underlying spirit of good will and cooperation, the willingness to sacrifice, the courage to undertake and the determination to accomplish. And we must go a step further and add, that possessing all these, and lacking the esteem and love for moderator and coach, the numerous attempts at art would have remained such.

Through the long list of mid-year plays, the College of New Rochelle has quite distinguished herself in theatre circles in New York City. From Tennyson's "Princess" in 1909, through realms of Shakespeare—"As you like It," "Twelfth Night", "Macbeth", "Hamlet",—to "A Knight of the Burning Pestle", "The Learned Ladies", "Monsieur Beaucaire", "Friend Hannah", "The Hunchback"—even to "The Rivals" crowds have gathered in the Waldorf, in the Plaza, in the Fordham Theatre and in the Booth Theatre to see the New Rochelle girls enact the tragedy and comedy of days gone by.

The past Academic year found Props and Paint just as active as formerly. The society was launched to a successful year on the night of November 13, when the Seniors presented "David Garrick". The fascinating story of the life of David Garrick was woven for us by a cast which included Isabel Muldoon, Elizabeth Maher, Marjorie Mohan, Doris O'Mara, Dorothy Reilly, Katherine McDonough, Eileen Cleary, Marie Smith, Marie Starrs, Virginia Loughlin and Barbara Kamp.

The Christmas tableaux was the next undertaking. Everyone remembers them—so inspiringly lovely and so appropriate to the week before we left for our Christmas recess. Under the direction of Mother Clotilde, the choir assisted at the tableaux with the singing of old English and modern carols.

Then came the Juniors' play—"Primrose Path" coached by the president of the society, Isabel Muldoon. The cast included Helen Callaghan, Inez Cavinato, Kay Dillon, Martha Sullivan, Grace Walter, Nancy Garry, Margaret Donovan, Frances Kerwin, Frances Clune, Marian Hickey, Marian Magner, Helen Hanson, Marjorie Magan, Monica Lancto and Teresa Meany.

The Sophomores' turn came next and they responded with two one-act plays—"The Exchange" and "Modes and Manners." The casts were: Audrey Meehan, Lillian Walsh, Rita Wintrich, Claire Nolan, Jeanne Lettellier, Mary Connor, Beatrice Schmulling, Jane Clary, Teresa Fish, Dorothy Hall, Pauline Buckley, Alice Farley, Alice Power, Dorothy Murphy, Dorothy Coyle and Katharine McCabe.

The year had fled and the Freshman members had not publicly displayed their talent—just one more reason why we would hold time back. But that being quite impossible, we were content to witness two skits, presented by the Freshmen at a regular meeting. As entertainers for the final gathering, they succeeded unquestionably, and we eagerly look forward to '34's sophomore play.

As a last word, the student body wishes to express its congratulations to Props and Paint. The Society, in turn, felicitates the president and outgoing seniors. Together, we want Miss Simons and Mother Loyola to know how deeply appreciative we are, and how thankful we must necessarily be to them for making a successful year possible.



Maura Living Room

Juniors Entertain Senior Class

Maura, Scene Of Affair

Something novel in the way of an evening social was tendered the Senior class by the Juniors on Wednesday, May 13th in Maura. Dancing and entertainment preceded supper. A well-acted "skit" was put on by Helen Callahan, Theresa Meany, and Betty Masterson. Pupils of Mary Blake '32 entertained with tap, ballet and novelty numbers. The dancing was accompanied by Marion Magner at the piano. Rhoda Watnick played a piano selection which was well received.

The party then adjourned to the dining room. During the meal the outstanding members of both classes were toasted. Attractive invitations with 31st banner enclosing an approprite verse were given to each Senior.

The success of the most enjoyable evening was due to Marion Magner, chairman, and a committee of the following, Grace Kessling, Grace Walter, Katherine Moore, Margaret Kelleher and Marion Mahoney.

Our Inquiring Reporter

The time for the parting of the ways is near at hand—the time for wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth. The time when Seniors begin to feel that they must shoulder responsibility in this big world of ours and no longer be irresponsible, dependent children. Some feel regret, others joy and anxiety to find out what awaits them and still others feel a sort of numbness, quite undecided as to just how they should feel. Should they have that traditional emotion or should they try to be just a bit different?

We decided it might be rather a good idea to find out from the seniors just how we all might feel some day when June comes slinking around. So we approached several of the soon departing collegemates with the question "How do you feel about graduation?" You may be sure the replies were many and varied. Here are some of them.

Two pals, Mary Flanagan and Peg Fish, Peg being the spokesman replied thusly on being asked. "So far I haven't thought much about it. Now that you ask—I haven't the faintest idea. To be perfectly frank, I don't seem to realize as yet that I'm leaving—How about coming around next September when every one else will be returning? I may have a different story to tell then. I might even be returning.

Friend Mary feels the same way.

And as Billie Schaffer said "When I leave college, I'll feel like a pair of shoes without O'Sullivan heels."

Then Betty Maher replied, "When the well known 'time of parting' arrives, I believe every one experiences a mixed feeling of gladness and regret. After a lifetime of school one does become fed up with classes but the same can't be said of delightful companionship and the numerous enjoyable activities which college life affords in its own peculiar fashion."

"I regret leaving the atmosphere of the college, yet am eager to see what the future holds."—were the words of Mildred Hughes, when the inquiring reporter popped the question.

Marguerite Shanahan said, "It all seems so impossible that we're really leaving, I don't think I'll realize that I'm really out until next September when the realization suddenly comes that I won't be seeing my classmates again."

Then as Yvette Coderre put it, "Graduation itself holds its very own charms but it does make one feel blue to have to leave one's college friends and step out into this cold, cold, world with all its responsibilities."

And as Loretta Dwyer would say, "I'll be glad to get away from the books, but I sure will miss the place."

Well folks, now I'm all in a haze—how about you? Can't say that I really know how I'll be expected to feel, the emotions here are so varied. But let us away to more interrogations.

Dot Reilly said, "Never had a feeling before—can't quite analyze it."

And as Helen Stevens so humorously puts it, "I feel badly about leaving but the world needs me."

Then Mary Morrissey replied, "I really don't know how I feel. It just doesn't seem possible."

Pat Broderick was really quite perturbed when asked, so all she could say was, "I'm glad in one way and sorry in another but I really can't explain why."

Helen Baker in her very own way said, "Sorry to leave my buddies, but I've looked forward to this day since Freshman year."

Then as Eileen McMahon put it in Latin phraseology, "Mirabile dictu, I'm getting out." We might ask Eileen if this is one of those honorary graduations as "Maxima cum Laude" or "Summa cum Laude."

Catherine Ellison replied, "The world is at my feet now so I'm glad to leave, but hate to leave 'cause I have to work."

No doubt a good many feel that way, Kay.

Then Helen Franklin quite startled me with, "I'm sorry to leave for the fact that I won't see my beloved companion, Miss Sheedy next year. It grieves me beyond words. But I'll be glad to get that sheepskin in my hand."

Well, that is all this year folks, and may I wish all the seniors the best of luck and happiness in whatever they chance to undertake and to the rest of you a very happy summer with hopes that you will return in the fall ready to answer more interrogations. Let me tell you I'll sure miss being inquisitive. There is a lot of satisfaction in always getting an answer to the weird questions one's imagination prompts one to ask. Until next year—

Au Revoir.

Marie C. Kelly.

Council Of Debate Passes Busy Year

Holds Many Debates

Lecture Groups Do Interesting Work

The year 1930-1931 has witnessed an auspicious season in the annals of the Council of Debate. Through the weekly debates held in the Council as well as a series of inter-collegiate debates and public lectures, the society has admirably carried out its aims and ideals.

The informal debates held before the Council serve to give the members excellent practice in the art of persuasive argumentative writing coupled with forceful and correct delivery. The subjects for discussion are chosen by a contest committee and voted upon by all the members. When the participants have concluded their debates and rebuttals, open discussion on the topic of the evening follows. Everyone present is invited to express her views extemporaneously either refuting some of the arguments advanced during the course of the debate or proposing additional arguments. This phase of the weekly meetings has proved by far the most popular and seldom fails to produce a lengthy and heated controversy with no paucity of humorous touches. It stimulates interest in current events and gives the speakers greater ease and facility in conveying their ideas. Following the discussion the coach, Mr. Charles T. Murphy, comments upon the debate, pointing out the good features as well as the faults, and gives a brief talk on the principles to be followed in debating.

The latter part of the season was devoted primarily to a series of four inter-collegiate debates. In the first, New Rochelle upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the Several States Should Adopt Compulsory Unemployment Insurance," against Loyola University of Chicago.

The decision was awarded New Rochelle. In the second debate, taking the negative side of the same question, they lost to the debating team of Trinity College, Washington, D. C. New Rochelle again upheld the negative a few nights later against St. Lawrence College but the judges were unable to arrive at a decision and the debate was declared a draw.

The final forensic meeting of the season was held in the Cardinal Hayes Auditorium at Mount St. Vincent College. By a 2 to 1 vote the Mount St. Vincent team won the decision for the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That Advertising as It is Carried on Today is Socially and Economically Harmful."

Affiliated with the Council of Debate are the student lecture groups which are carrying on a constructive program of Catholic action by disseminating Catholic thought. The lecturers addressed women's clubs, sodalities, Newman Clubs, Holy Name Societies, Knights of Columbus Council, Catholic Daughters of America, and other school and parish organizations. They talked on topics of current interest—"Modern Morals," "False Prophets," "Three Great Converts," Catholic Action," and "Marriage and Divorce."

The lecture on "Modern Morals" was divided into three sections: morals in the theatre, morals in motion pictures, and morals in literature. In each field a comprehensive study was given to the parts the producers and the public, especially the latter, are playing in raising the standards of modern plays, pictures, and books.

The "False Prophets" are H. L. Mencken, George Bernard Shaw, Heywood Broun, and Sigmund Freud. The philosophy of each man was briefly outlined with an analysis which cleverly pointed out its fallacies.

The "Three Great Converts" are Cardinal Newman, Monsignor Benson, and G. K. Chesterton. The life of each man was sketched, with his place in literature and the influences which finally brought him to the acceptance of the Catholic faith.

"Catholic Action," as its name signifies, showed the work that can be done by Catholics to promote a fairer understanding of the faith by non-Catholics. Interesting Catholic figures were sketched in the field of sports, in art, literature, law and politics.

The lecture on "Marriage and Divorce" gave a clear understanding of the views of the Church on matrimony. Specific cases in which the Church has granted an annulment, or has refused it, were cited to show that it is as easy for the poor as for the rich to secure an annulment of marriage if the grounds are sufficient.

The president of the Council during the past year was Elizabeth Maher who took part in a number of the lectures and in two of the inter-collegiate debates. Mary Keenaghan, also a member of the lecture group and the inter-collegiate debating team, has been elected

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"The Tatler— Then and Now"

The library files reveal some very interesting and amusing facts about "The Tatler" and its history. The first issue of the "New Rochelle Tatler" appeared in 1921. Previous to that date it had been merely a small bulletin posted on the board in Maura Hall. The new paper consisted of one very small sheet, a scandal sheet rather than a newspaper. Nothing Tatler contains now can be compared to the columns of this tiny page, a vertitable cat-column, containing nothing but campus gossip and jokes.

The nearest approach to real news in those first few issues were a number of small articles such as the following; "We understand that the Freshmen were entertained informally by the Sophs last Tuesday after. Hereafter, Freshies, lock your doors." A humorous column, entitled, "In the Living Room" contained these bright remarks, some of which should still strike home:

"The couches have, by precedent, strength and general discomfort on the part of the Juniors and Seniors before us, been reserved for the afore-mentioned classes. Underclassmen—don't show your incapacity to comprehend college etiquette; try the Underclassmen Table, it will be found bearable for two years.

"Freshmen—the rug is yours—to roll and unroll each evening. The chairs and telephones also claim your special attention.

"What's happened to the stag line?

"The dance for the boys in the Living Room has been postponed—indefinitely.

"The misdemeanor of high-stepping in dancing becomes a high crime when the blow falls higher than the shinbone, and a felony when apologies do not follow. (Upperclassmen taking Commercial Law, please translate for our non-comprehending friends)."

We find that in those days, day-students were "day-dodgers", but otherwise nicknames and customs seemed to be very much the same as now—the Sophomores gave the Seniors a party, the ceremony of investiture was observed and so on.

Volume Two of The Tatler appeared in 1923. Now it is in four pages with an editor and regular staff, instead of being merely a collection made up of contributions from anyone interested. On March 15, 1923, a "Proclamation" appeared. We imagine that it must have created quite a furor on campus, just as its observance would cause a great deal of surprise now. It reads:

"Ye Frosh!

"The venerable Seniors, observing Ye and Ye encroachments upon Senior privileges and rights, do hereby announce through Tatler's columns said privileges for those who are ignorant of the same. The august Seniors make known to you now, how you should act in respect to their position. OBSERVE.

"(1) The Senior stairs are for the Seniors. No loitering permitted.

(2) The Senior couches are reserved for Seniors.

(3) When you bump a Senior on the dance floor, you SHOULD at least apologize.

(4) You should never, under any condition, address an upperclassman, especially a Senior, by her first name. It isn't done!

(5) You should NEVER dash out of a door in front of a Senior. You MIGHT trip.

(6) When the telephone rings don't expect a Senior to answer it. She did that three years before you appeared on campus.

"These our behests are kindly in presentation but their non-observance brings with it dire results.

The Seniors."

Up until 1923, Tatler had been published irregularly, being intended, we gathered, as a monthly. In October, 1923, Tatler announced that it would be a weekly thereafter. The Society Column developed. It observed and duly noted all tea dates on campus, where everyone went and worst of all, did not hesitate to make extremely personal and cutting remarks. The number of ads increased and it is to be noted that the majority of them represented tea rooms which still advertise in the Tatler.

An example of the type of news printed in 1923 is contained in this pert question; "They say that the Juniors have elected a cheer-leader; we wonder who she is?" We wonder where the reporters were! The humor contained in the little poems and ditties was unusual, to say the least. A not so subtle hint appears in the following;

"We all enjoy the 'Tatler'—
It is so full of news
So don't be backward about coming forward,
When its time to pay your dues."

1924 and 1925 were progressive years; the paper consisted of six pages, four columns each and actually contained news articles. In regard to the Junior Prom, the issue of January 14, 1925 says, "We are using the Palm room, the Cafe and the Supper Room in addition to the main dining room—" The grand march this year will take place at twelve-thirty and the supper will begin at one o'clock."

On March 5, 1925 we find a cross word puzzle — certainly progress had not left the campus unchanged and untouched by its fads. Gone are the catty remarks, gone the personal if not helpful suggestion—all this a sign of the newly acquired faculty censorship. From 1927 on, Tatler has changed but little in regard to essentials but each of the past few years reveals some slight changes in style and manner making the Tatler of today an entirely different paper than it was ten years ago.



Brescia Living Room

Frosh Give Seniors Tea In Brescia

Dot Hughes Chairman

A tea honoring the seniors was given May 12 by the freshmen in Brescia Hall. General dancing was enjoyed from four to five followed by an entertainment consisting of a vocal solo by Hildegarde Krenn, an imitation of Maurice Chevalier by Helen Messuri, a piano solo by Marjorie Finn, and a vocal solo by Dorothy Reilly. The committee in charge of arrangements was composed of Dorothy Hughes, chairman, Grace Heape, Marge Malone, Hildegarde Krenn, Marjorie Finn, and Vera O'Donnell. At the close Virginia Crowley expressed the thanks of the entire senior class.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED TO ADVISORY BOARD

The members of the Advisory Board for the coming year as announced last week are: Marie Dowd and Grace Ryan for the Senior Class; Alice Farley, Jane Clary, Florence Walsh for the Junior Class; and Mary Byrne and Evelyn Cross for the Sophomore Class.

A luncheon for the present members of the Advisory Board will be given at the Cake Box on Sunday June 7.

NEW ROCHELLE TATLER

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MONSIGNOR CHIDWICK

We at New Rochelle have many things of which we are proud—the rapid growth of our college, its fine faculty and beautiful buildings; but, first of all, we are proud of the one who, as President of the College, has done so much toward making New Rochelle not only the largest Catholic college for women in the United States but also one of the finest. Monsignor John P. Chidwick has been with us since 1924 when he took the place of the late Monsignor Joseph Mooney. In that short time the phenomenal progress of the college has been in no small way due to his brilliant leadership and astute guidance.

We are justly proud of the colorful figure which Monsignor Chidwick presents to the world at large. But we are prouder of the great spiritual ideal he has placed before us as a goal which we must strive to attain in an effort to repay him. The sincerity and wisdom of his talks and the kindly actions and spiritual greatness which are manifest upon all occasions shall not be forgotten. Those very underlying qualities of his nature which endear him to us while we are still under his guidance will serve to keep him in our minds years after we have left New Rochelle in the shadowy realms of the past.

EXPANSION

When the College of New Rochelle first opened her doors to women seeking higher education, the only class room building in evidence was that now known as the Gymnasium. For some time this and the Castle remained as sole prides of Campus; then came the Chapel, Maura, Brescia, Science Lecture Hall, and the Art building—all fine specimens of architecture which every loyal New Rochelle girl deeply admires.

The new Sports building, now under construction, will again give us something of which to boast and be proud. The general architecture will follow that of the other edifices which lend such dignity and uniformity to Campus with their Tudor-Gothic design. The interior will be systematically arranged to include all apparatus and conveniences found in a modern up-to-date gymnasium. On the ground floor will be the lockers, showers, laundries, checking, and machinery rooms. The first floor will provide room for the gymnasium, swimming pool, director's room. The swimming pool will be one of New Rochelle's chief boasts, not only because it will mark the introduction of that kind of recreational sport here, but also on account of its ultra-violet ray filtration which is healthful and the most modern device of its kind.

There is little need to discuss the value and suitability of such a Sports building to our College. One of the vital arguments for the removal of the gymnasium classes is the convenience guaranteed to the participants in these classes. Again we who have had the opportunity of listening to the tramp of marching feet and the joyous shouts of eager sportswomen overhead will agree that at least one distraction to our classes shall have been removed. Since the project appears to be mutually beneficial to all concerned, that alone makes it desirable. Such additional sports as riding, swimming, and archery are being awaited by many enthusiastic young ladies who hope to make New Rochelle dominant in sports as well as in other endeavors. So we hope that this building will be opened by next September. Hence in our own time we see our Alma Mater continue in her great expansion.

THE LEADER MAY MEAN YOU!

Let's start with some truisms—bromides, if you prefer the word.

To the leaders belongs the future.

From the colleges will come the leaders.

The college leader who knows and loves his faith and who has learned to talk that faith and lead others in it and to it will be the leader to whom Christ will look in the coming twenty years.

True enough to be tiresome? Yes, but often read and forgotten.

And don't forget this: That leader may be YOU. If———.

There is that most important "If". Your Catholic college is providing you with the elements of Catholic leadership. But it cannot make you use those elements. Leaders make themselves. Nobody pushes or pulls a leader into action.

Thousands take drama courses; a handful ever see their plays on Broadway. Thousands dub along at golf; a scant hundred ever carry home a cup. Thousands take religion and philosophy courses; how many can Christ count on as His real leaders in the world today?

Your education gives you the material of leadership. Use it.

That is just where the Sodality comes in. The Sodality is your opportunity to USE your religion and philosophy as a leader and use it while you are still in college.

How? Still a little vague about ? Interested but at sea? Then you are the one we want with us this summer.

College students will meet in our Summer School of Catholic Action to train for spiritual leadership and learn Sodality methods. They will sit around a table talking things over; they will listen to inspiring lectures, take part in practical discussions, roll up their sleeves and do real work. Vagueness, believe me, will disappear.

"Oh, that's how I become a Catholic leader, is it? That's the way to interest others. That is what you mean by Catholic Action. That is what makes a Sodality meeting really interesting."

Mass and Communion will start the day. Informal lectures and discussions and laboratory practice will follow. Social features in delightful companionship will be stressed. The binding thread will be "Christ in the Life of the Student."

And at the end, for qualified students, 3 hours credit in Sociology from St. Louis University School of Sociology.

Board and delightful living quarters, tuition and books, all essentials and extras for the full two weeks, just under $50.

If you are the leader we think you are, we'll see you the last two weeks of August.

Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

At this time when so many of the New Rochelle girls are being graduated, the question comes to our minds as to the necessity in attending and the benefits derived from attending a Catholic college. As far back as we can remember, we have heard that the Catholic Church stresses the importance of such an education for its youthful members.

When the Church insists upon a Catholic education it is carrying out the commands of its Founder, Jesus Christ. In a recent encyclical on Christian education, Pope Pius XI stated the position of the Church:

"And first of all, education belongs pre-eminently to the Church by reason of a double title in the supernatural order, conferred exclusively upon her by God Himself; absolutely superior, therefore, to any title in the natural order."

Down through the ages the Church has tried faithfully to obey the command of Christ. In the middle ages there were monasteries, convents, churches, cathedral chapters and to most of these was attached a home of study for the teaching of Christian education.

And so today we find the Church still insisting upon the necessity of proper training for youth. We have often heard of young Catholic people who, through the neglect of their parents, attend non-sectarian schools. Catholic instruction is most important at this time for it is at this inexperienced and changeable period that moral poison more rapidly penetrates the mind. It is also the belief of the Church that "lay" schools from which all religion has been removed are contrary to the fundamental principles of education. Such schools soon become irreligious.

And so we see that the selection of a college is not a matter of convenient location, of favored courses, but of vital religious importance. After attending a college where we are instructed in religion and the correct Catholic philosophy, we are more able to refute those arguments with which we are confronted in later life.

The student body extends sincere sympathy to Virginia Crowley '31 on the death of her father.

Muscle Shoals Veto

By Mary Louise Charles

Press Club Prize Winning Essay

Muscle Shoals has very much resembled a white elephant in the hands of the government since it was first established in 1916, and has furnished Congress with a gigantic problem on which to exert its energies during the years since the World War. Congress has found its proposed disposal rather a difficult matter to settle with any degree of permanency and this year, as in all previous years since the war, the Bill has been brought to the public eye, once more to die a vetoed death.

The name, Muscle Shoals, is derived from the Indians, who felt the power of the great rapids and so named them in appreciation of the strength it took to battle against the currents in the canoes. The Shoals are located on the Tennessee River, in the northwest section of Alabama. There is an extension of thirty miles, and a total drop of one hundred and thirty feet. It was to this boundless power that the United States Government turned in its anticipation of building a nitrate plant sufficient for the production of fertilizer, and essentially for the manufacture of munitions of war. It took time to complete this huge project, and Wilson Dam was only well under construction when the Armistice was signed. Here, then, the Government would soon have a fifty million dollar electric-power plant, and an eighty-five million dollar fertilizer plant of which to dispose. This has passed, and while Congress has tackled the problem of its disposal at practically every session, it still remains upon the records and seems to be a permanent bone of contention.

With two of the world's nitrate plants located in this section, there is no denying the fact that some use should be made of them; if not by the Government, then by a private concern.

President Hoover has vetoed this recurring Bill which says, in effect that the United States Government should open these plants and sell out only surplus power. He has given some very clear and concise reasons for his veto, which are as follows:

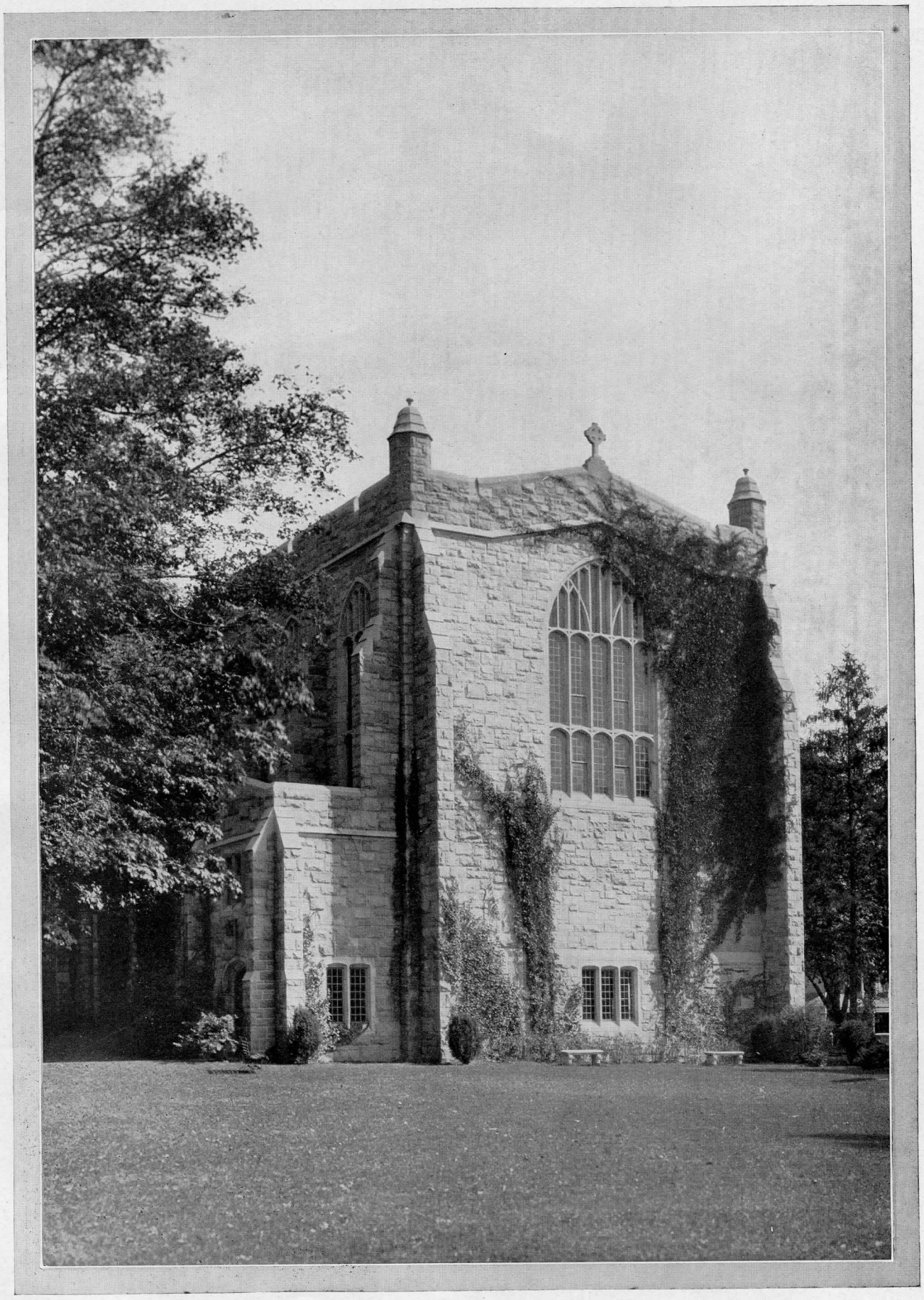
1. According to the terms of the legislation, it would be impossible for the government to run the Muscle Shoals plant profitably.

2. The government would make a mistake in entering a competitive business with its citizens.

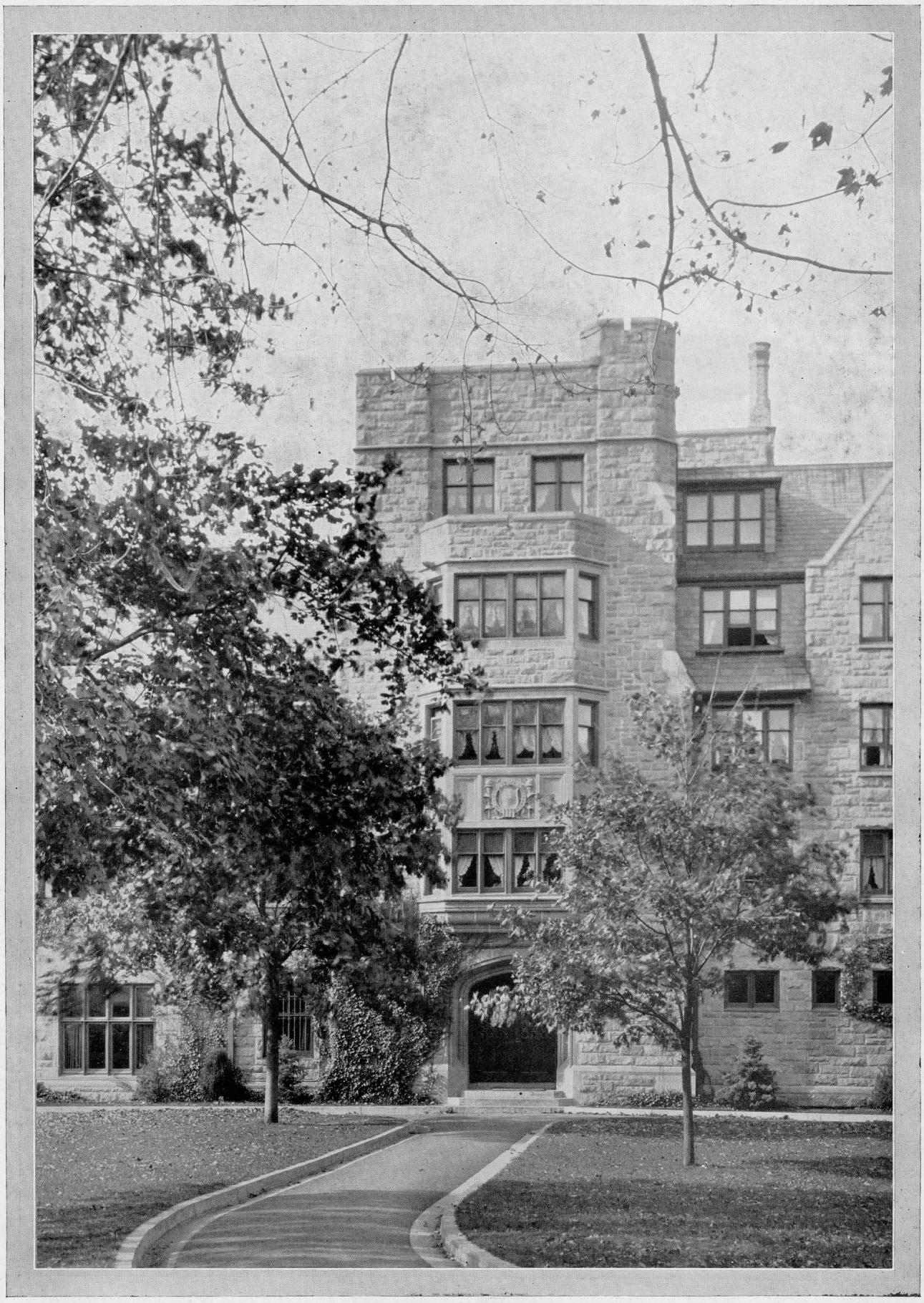
President Hoover anticipated the criticism that was inevitable at his veto. That he would be accused of wanting to turn over the Shoals to large business was claimed; his suggestion to counter-balance this was to the effect that the States of Alabama and Tennessee should set up a commission and lease the property.

In the past, there have been three bidders for the thirty-mile project, these including the Union Carbide Company, The Alabama Power Company, and Henry Ford. The latter pressed his bid to a great extent and then, without warning, withdrew his offer from Congress. It was claimed that he no longer needed the Shoals, but it was the popular conception that the dickering of Congress over the offer caused Ford to feel that he was not acquainted with the entire situation.

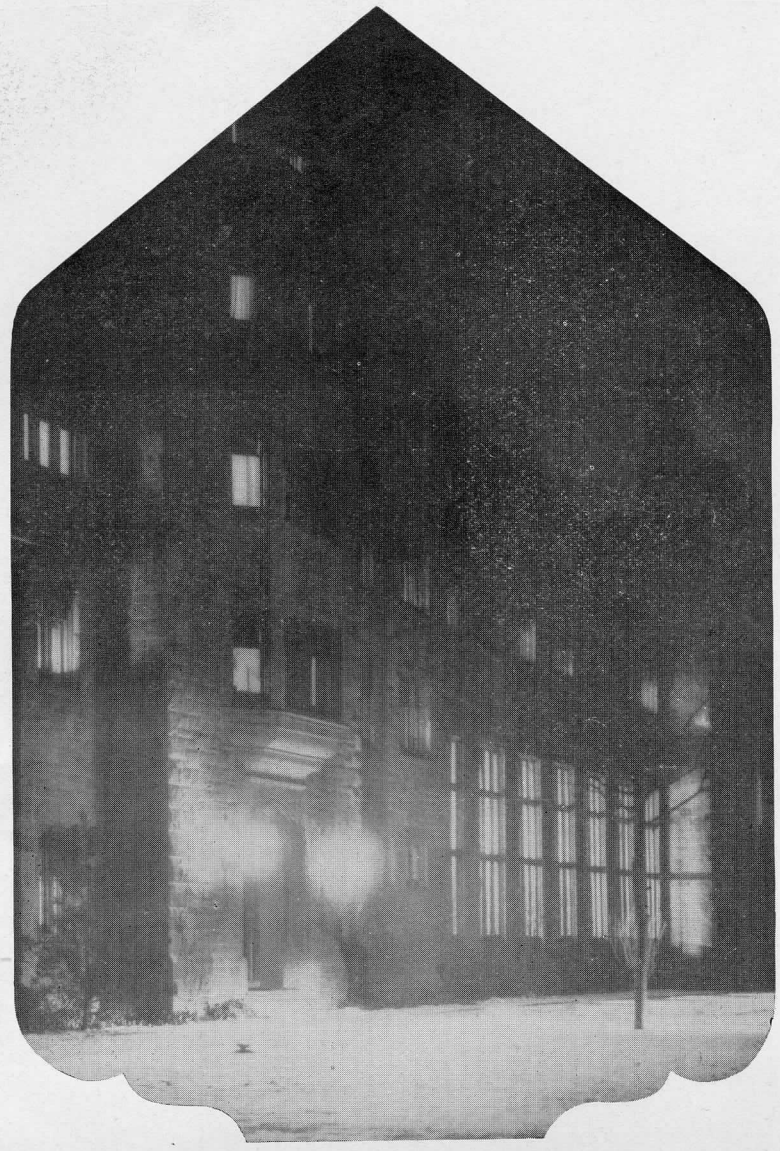
As it stands today, a week following President Hoover's veto of the Muscle Shoals Bill, the government is still in possession of the one hundred thirty-five million dollar property that stands idle in northwestern Alabama; it will continue to remain in the government's hands until a concern is sufficiently capable of leasing this vast project, thus relieving the government of any possibility of treading upon dangerous ground and becoming an opposing business force.

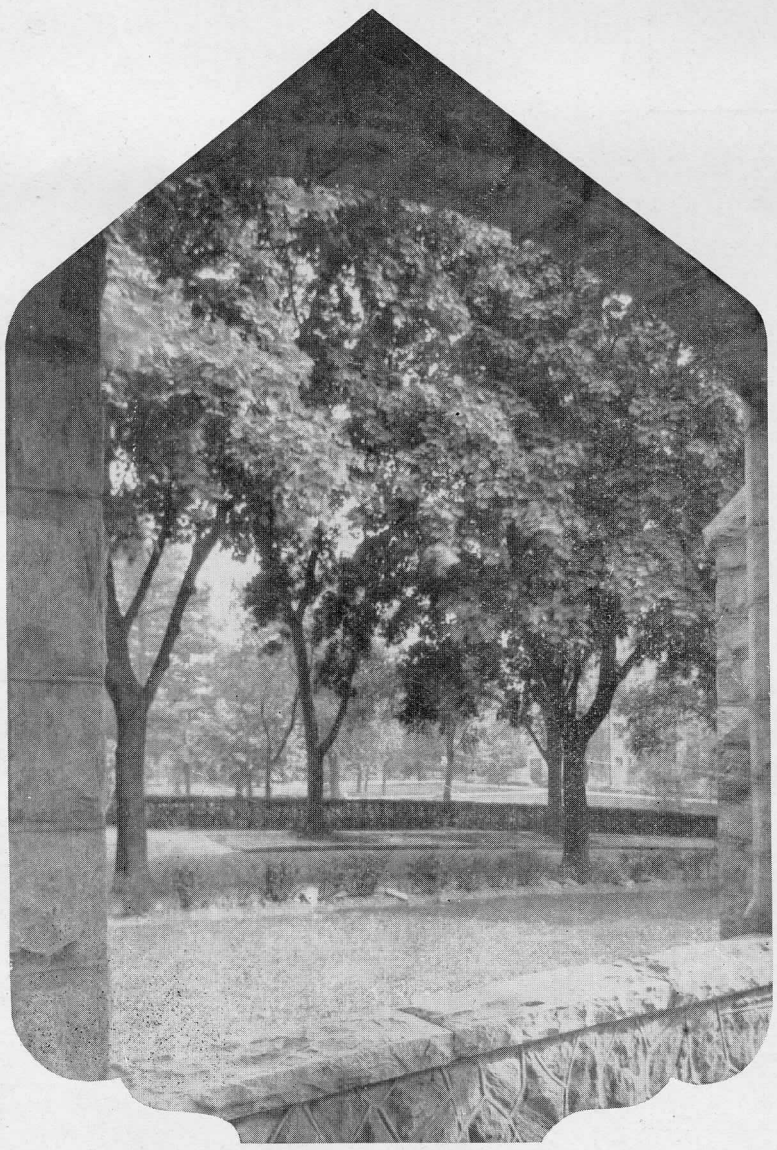


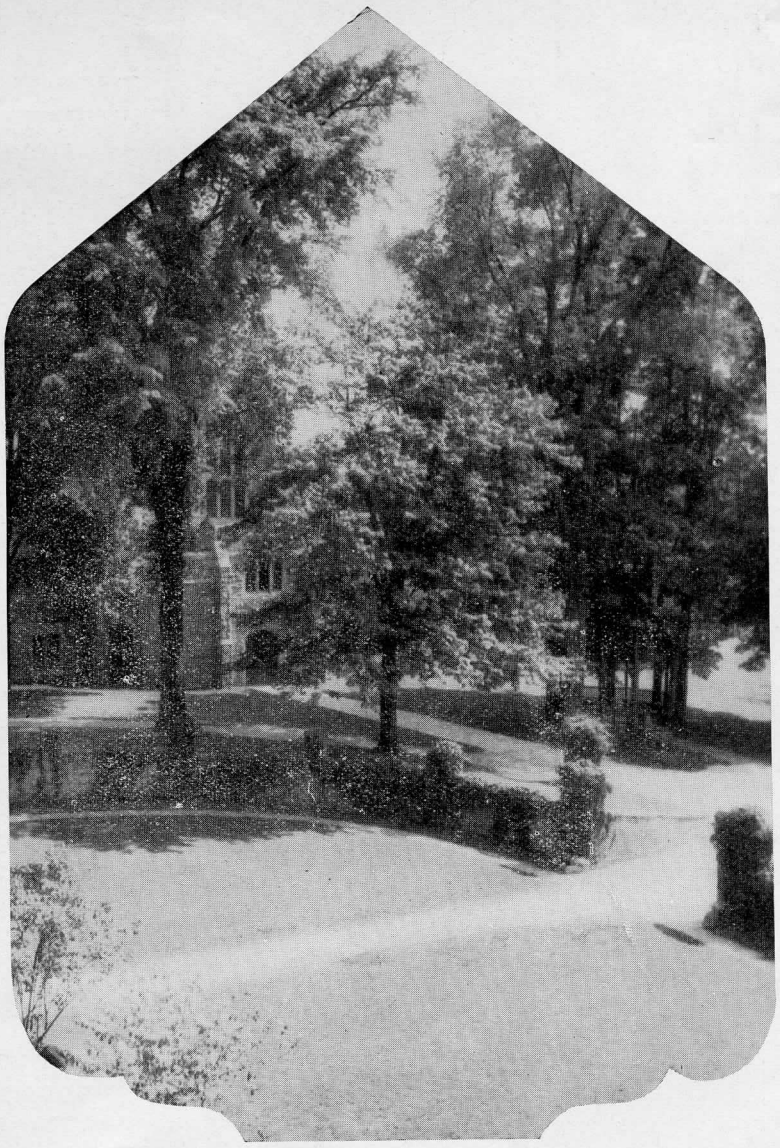
CHAPEL



MAURA HALL









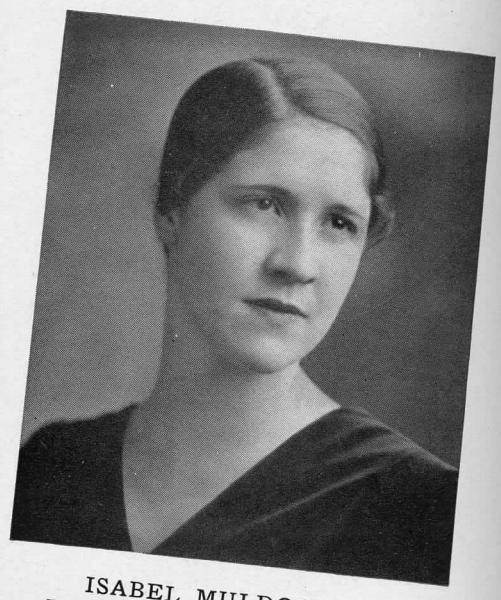
ELIZABETH MAHER
President of Council of Debate



CATHERINE ELLISON
President of Current Events Club



MARIE PICKER
President of Glee Club



ISABEL MULDOON
President of Props and Paint



MARY BRODERICK
President of A. N. O.



DOROTHY REILLY
President of Student Body



MARY MORRISSEY
President of College Sodality, Alpha Alpha



GIACONDA LAZZARI
President of Italian Club



LORETTA DWYER
President of Student Spiritual Council, Choir
and Music Students Organization



DOROTHY ROCHE
President of Spanish Club

Outgoing Presidents of Campus Organizations



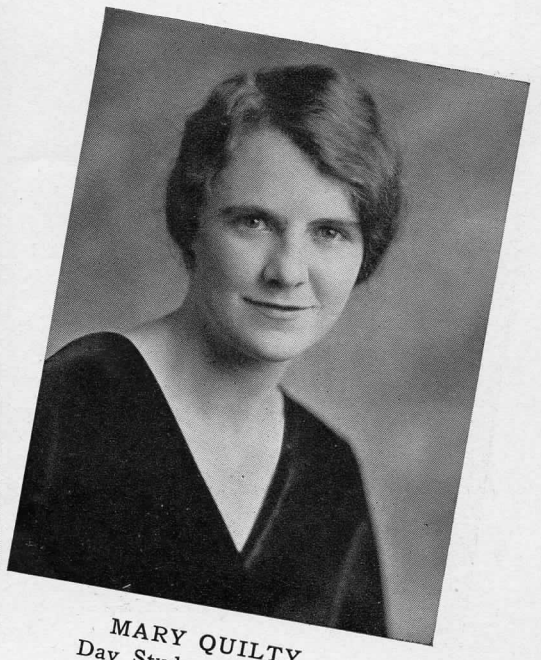
MARY FLANAGAN
President of Tennis Club



ADELE TOERING
President of Doctors' Daughters



MARGUERITE SHANAHAN
President of Combined Mission Clubs



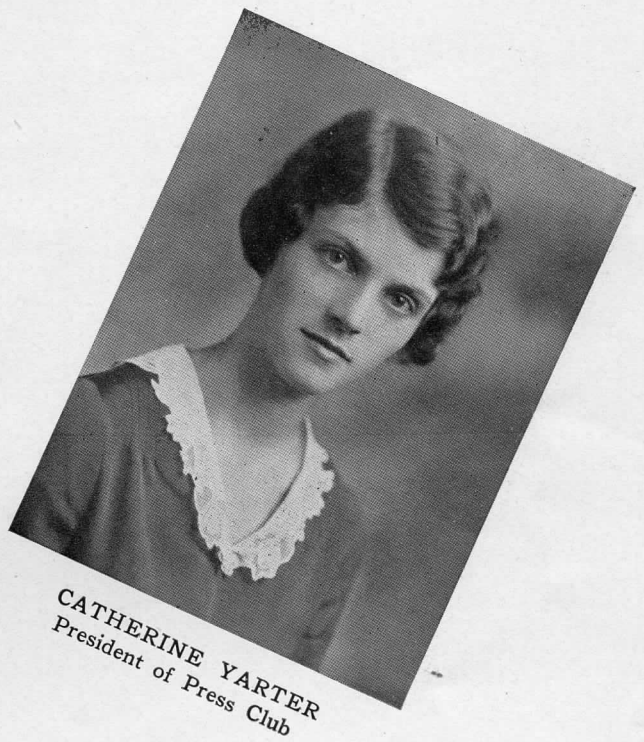
MARY QUILTY
Day Student President



KATHLEEN COTTER
President of Day Student Sodality



VIRGINIA CROWLEY
President of Class



CATHERINE YARTER
President of Press Club



VERONICA MAINE
President of League of Sacred Heart



DORIS O'MARA
President of Athletic Association



MARY KENNEDY
President of Scribblers



MARY LAWRENCE
President of Biology Club



RUTH SHAFFER
President of Riding Club



MARION LINDEMANN
President of German Club



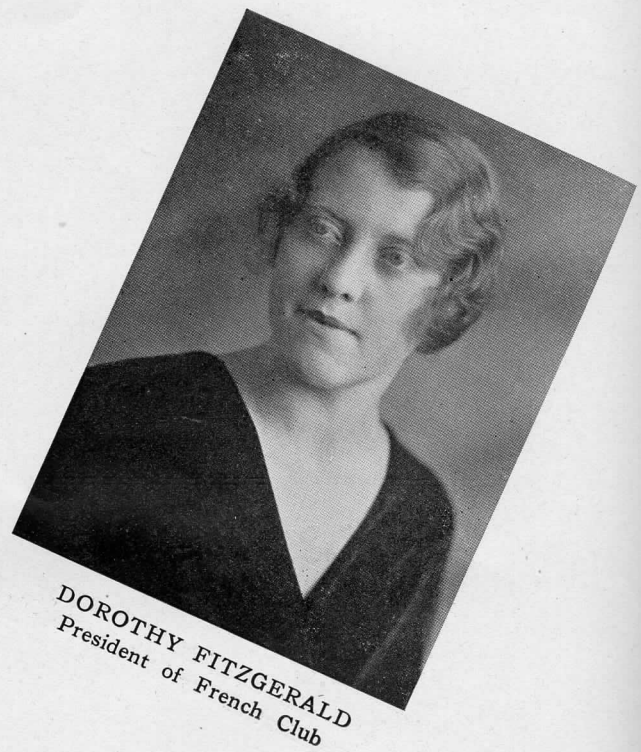
MARY LALLY
President of Commercial Club



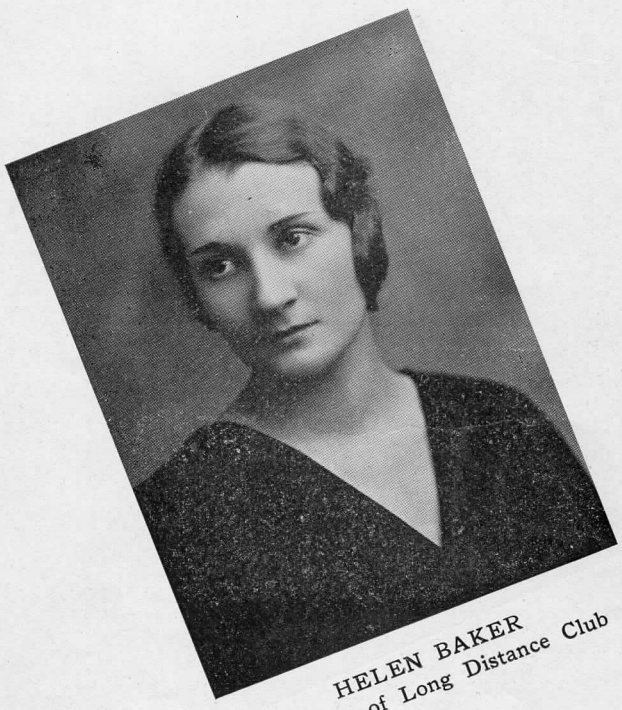
HELEN CONNELL
President of Math Club



DORA WALSH
President of Little Flower Society



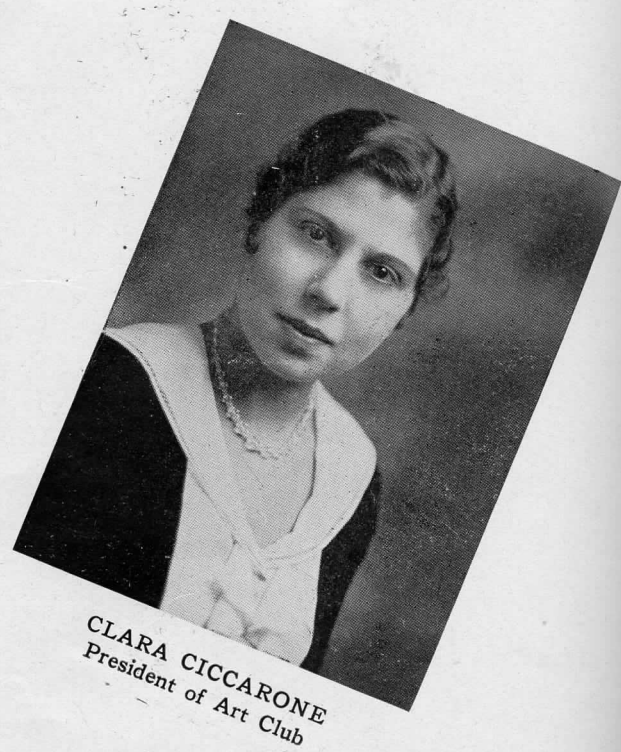
DOROTHY FITZGERALD
President of French Club



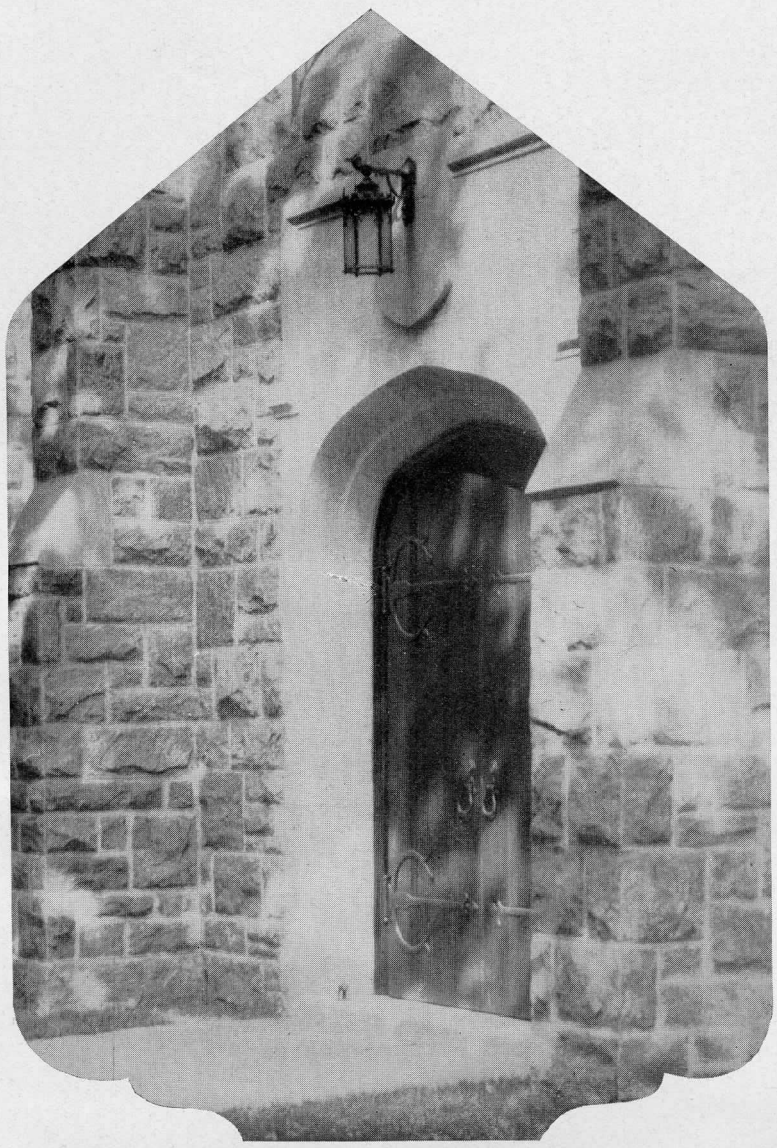
HELEN BAKER
President of Long Distance Club

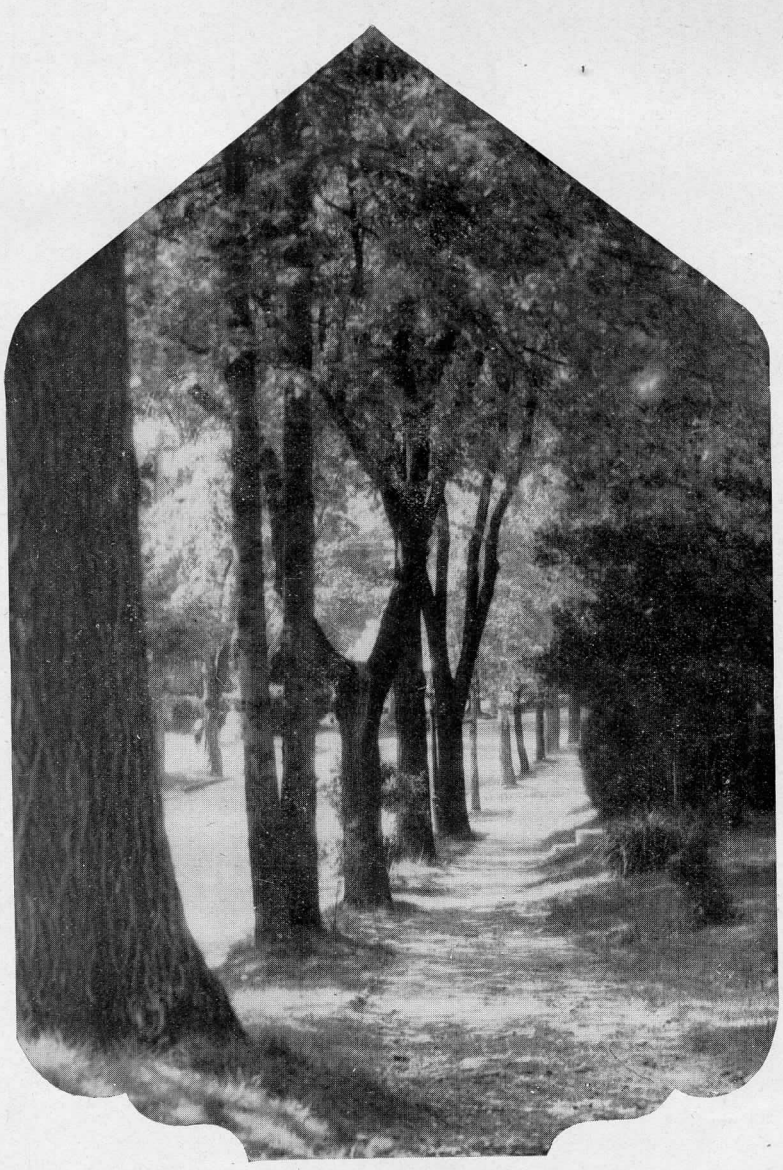


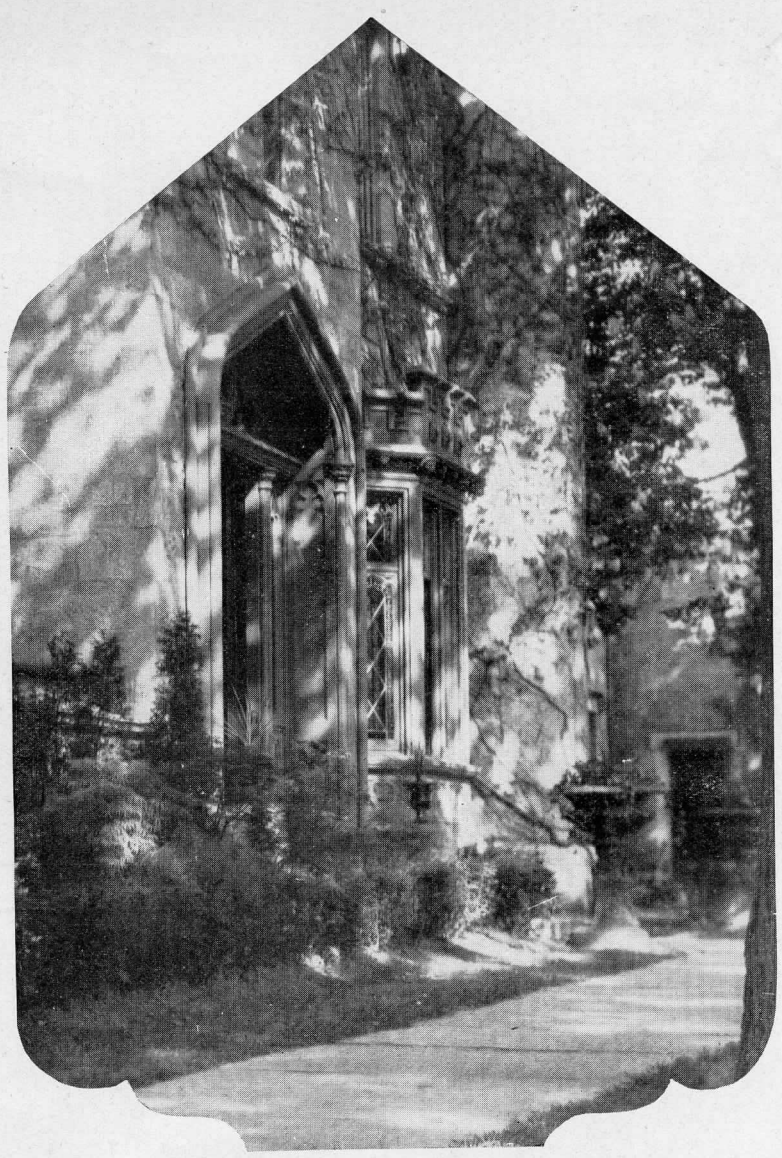
BEATRICE NOONE
President of Instrumental Club

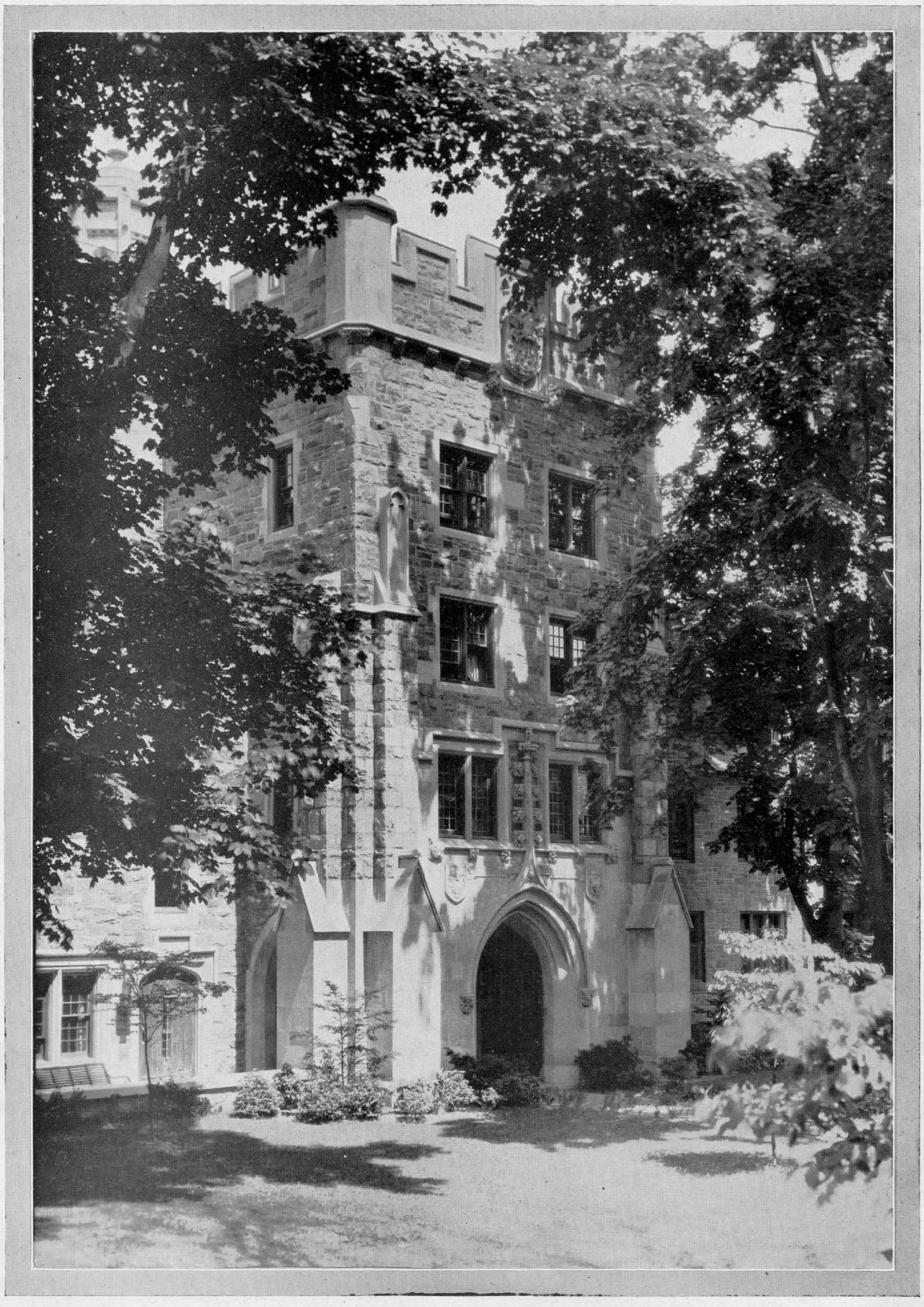


CLARA CICCARONE
President of Art Club

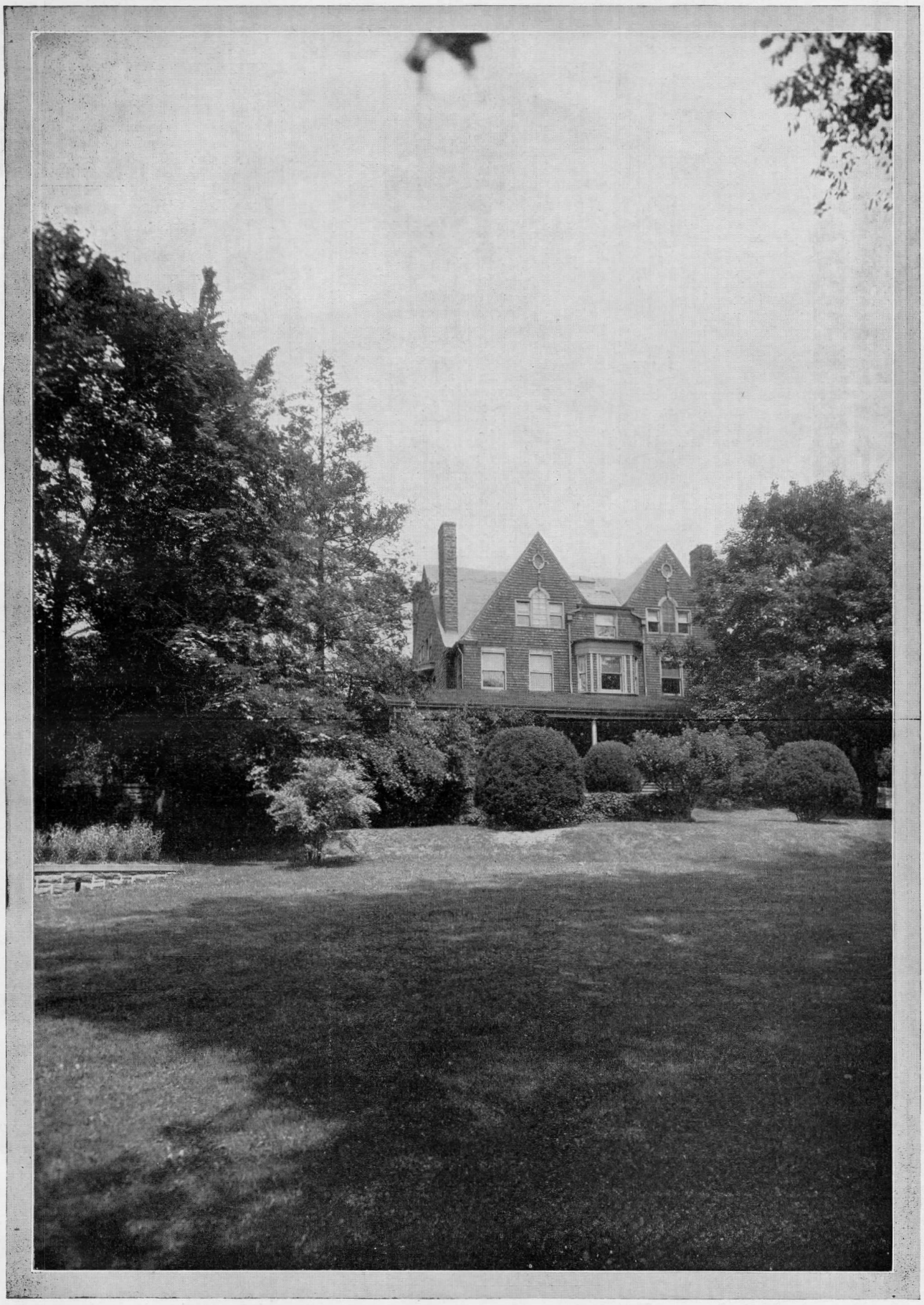








BRESCIA HALL



MERICI HALL

Norman Rockwell Is Interviewed

By Eleanor Ney

"Painting is a job, just as much as any other work. Eight solid hours a day of labor, with time off for meals is my schedule," said Norman Rockwell, the famous artist, whose paintings of "homey" people are so individual and charming. Painting makes you so hungry he added with the quiet humor that is so much a part of his character. In appearance Mr. Rockwell seems to epitomize the imagined artist. He is of medium height, slender, with brown hair and eyes, and a thin, tanned face. His most outstanding characteristic seems to be the whimsicality that distinguishes both his expression and conversation.

"Like anything else, painting has its advantages and drawbacks. For example, after working a full month on a cover, last week I threw it away and began all over again. Ideas too are often difficult to find and must be painstakingly worked out in every detail." In his large English manor styled studio at the back of his home, Mr. Rockwell's cover for an April issue of the Saturday Evening Post stood almost completed on the easel. The subject was an old porter with a red-cap. "In my opinion," the artist was wearily holding in one arm a bust of Venus and in the other a head of Mercury, both decorated with large baggage tags. On the floor, were the original statues, and over a nearby chair were flung the button decorated jacket and red-cap. "In my opinion," the artist continued, "it is the details which add much to my work and I am as fussy about them as I am about my models and the original idea or plan which I first sketch on the canvas with charcoal. As for models, I find that old men and women make the most patient and easily drawn subjects; although they do fall asleep now and then," he smilingly added. "Of course", he went on, "the fact that next month I will cooly pick up my goods and chattels and go out to California with Mrs. Rockwell, without having any crabbed boss standing in my way, makes up for many drawbacks in this work."

"Yes, I've always drawn. At first, in the days of my youth, I tried dainty ballet girls perched on their toes,—but they were awful, simply awful." Rockwell shook his head in sorrowfully amused reminiscence. "Then as time went on, experience proved to me that the so-called 'homey' characterization was my forte, although I do landscape now and then." A glance at the walls of his living-room proved this to be so, as the four walls were covered with landscapes small and large which fitted in admirably with the colonial comfort of his home.

Just as everyone else, this famous artist tires of his work,—"often when I hear the sound of a train whistle I wish I were an engineer—, however, I'm an artist, and will always remain one; in fact there is nothing else that I can do, for all my 'yen' to have a change once in awhile. By the way, in thinking of models, Gary Cooper, the movie star, was one of the best I've ever had. You know," he continued with a twinkle, "the majority of people will be more interested in Cooper than in me. A few months ago while in California, I did Cooper as he was being made up for his role in 'The Texan'; while posing he never moved a muscle—and in addition he's as nice a person off-screen as on, and that's not publicity stuff either," he grinned.

"This business about artists having temperaments is eighteenth century stuff, in fact all the artists I know are more like business men in their concentration on their work and their attitude. As for myself, I have none, and Mrs. Rockwell will vouch for that," he finished. And indeed in looking at Norman Rockwell, one can easily believe this, for a more natural and friendly man would be hard to find.

"When Summer Comes To Provincetown"

In the once obscure village of Provincetown is situated a now famous artists' colony. With the advent of summer, this hamlet for great artists assumes a new atmosphere. It is invaded by men and women of all ages who endeavor to put on canvas the quaintness of this typical New England village. Their small wooden homes, hardly more than shacks, take on an air of liveliness. One wonders at first what attracts the artist's eye, for Provincetown is to a stranger only another of the many villages. It is a quiet, sleepy, little place inhabited by fishermen whose shacks are scattered along the water front and whose ships idly lie at anchor nearby. The broad expanse of the cool Atlantic, dotted by crafts of every description, lies calmly in unison. To the inexperienced eye these aspects seem trivial but nevertheless Provincetown is the Mecca of all artistically inclined.

When the season opens, one finds the more ambitious artists down at the waterfront in the early morning sketching the small vessels as they quietly slip out of the harbor for their morning's catch. The scene is one of intense activity, of men who have been brought up to live this walk of life. Some are busy rigging the schooners; others are preparing the bait; but all are occupied in one way or another. It is not altogether a pleasant sight, for the wharves are strewn with old clams and fish used for bait. The men are not tidy or well-mannered but there is about them a general air of friendliness, emphasized by their sailor dialect.

From this scene of simple life one's glance travels to another group of artists, intent on painting the wonders of the early dawn—the parting clouds that reveal daylight and then the golden sun that seems to emerge from the very depths of the sea. It is amazing to see all this splendor literally grow on the canvas. One who has risen in the dawn to witness its magnificence can easily appreciate the breaking of day.

Later in the day other groups gather on the high cliffs that jut out over the beach. In fact, wherever one turns one sees these lovers of art. Some are in groups and others off by themselves. The artists themselves make an interesting picture. They usually wear gayly patterned frocks, topped by berets or bandannas. The people who frequent Provincetown are young ambitious ones not yet schooled in their art, and older, less confident, ones who have experienced the turns of their profession, yet all of them have that same eager, intense look of creative ability. There are even eccentric artists who hardly care enough about their lives to allow existence. These are more or less fanatical, giving their all for art. Of course, there are always the more rational ones who live a normal life within the walls of this little paradise.

When I left this art colony I carried with me a picture I always hope to remember. One that has helped me appreciate the artists' ability to create on his canvas beautiful scenes from the most crude reality. I felt afterwards as though I had tread on sacred ground; perhaps I had.

Mary Connor '33.

MONSIGNOR CHIDWICK

(Continued from page 5)

Hayes. The following year, Monsignor Chidwick became President of the College of New Rochelle, the third head of the college since its founding in 1904.

Among the titles and offices Monsignor Chidwick has held are: Domestic Prelate, LL.D. degrees from Manhattan and Fordham, First Chaplain of New York Police Dept., 1906 and Spanish War Veterans, 1906, Director Catholic Church Extension Society, Trustee Catholic Summer School of America, Catholic Institute for Blind.

"Time Draws Near For Parting"

"But it is the Seniors who realize its worth
Time draws near for parting—
they know that on this earth
It's the dearest college."

When that final day arrives, and the sweet security of the past is cast into the uncertainty of the future, New Rochelle gives to each graduate a gift more priceless than all the knowledge assimulated in four years of college learning—roses for December. Memories of friendships, of laughters, of quiet walks 'neath campus trees of starlit talks, but best of all memories of the traditions—which form the basis of all campus activities.

All of the more memorable, but it is the traditions that cling to the last days of school which are the most precious, etched as they are in the sadness of parting.

The "giving away of the Senior Line" is a ceremony taking place on the morning of Class day. This custom of the Seniors standing in attention before the "Ulmus Silens," after Mass on certain Tuesdays of the year, while the undergraduates march between their ranks rose out of the formation of the College Sodality in 1906. On this last day the Juniors stand in attention, while the Seniors surrendering their place march through the files.

Next, the Alpha Nu Omicron tapping takes place. While the Junior Class forms a circle on campus the outgoing members of this senior literary sorority tap with a white carnation the thirteen Juniors who have been chosen to succeed them as members of the literary staff of the Annales.



The Senior Stairs is a tradition as closely allied with the social life of the college as is the Senior Line connected with the spiritual side. The huge, graceful stair case extending up from Maura Hall has from the very foundation of the college been considered the private property of the Seniors. This too is relinquished to the Juniors with much ceremony.

For years the planting of ivy has been substituted for the traditional class tree—but this year the Seniors will revert to the old order and a Chinese Ginkgo Tree will be planted to perpetuate forever the memory of the Class of '31.

The Daisy Chain is an ancient custom of Class Day noted for its loveliness and grace. Formerly it was the Virginia Rose Chain and its making required the interests of the whole college. The Freshmen gathered the roses, the Sophomores made the Chain and the Juniors carried the completed chain between which the Seniors walked. Now it is simpler in form. Although the daisy has substituted the rose, and the chain is carried not by the entire class, but by a selected group of its most distinguished members, it has lost none of its former beauty.

The Senior Breakfast is a tradition started in 1908 which has continued ever since that time—the last informal gathering of the class.

Then there are the farewell parties given by the various classes—and the Serenade. The Serenade is a tradition cherished lovingly by every Senior—when the Juniors stand out on the starlit campus and

(Continued on page 22)

Flashes of Fashion From a Senior's Diary

Sat., June 6

Dear Diary;

It doesn't seem quite real—all this fuss and excitement. But I suppose every Graduation is like this. At least I'm glad mine is; it's like a just reward for all labors and trials, and they were many.

My new sport dress was the envy of everybody on Campus today—that white pleated skirt and dark check blouse is something startling. I always did like the neck-line made by lapels. Do you suppose the red of the blouse was too bright?

At the Class Day Exercises, I came forth in that new flowered chiffon of yellow. The brown patent leather belt almost caused a riot—Think I'll have to lock it up to keep it. And that's that.

P. S. Almost forgot to say that I wore dark brown slippers and brown suede gloves with the outfit.

Sun,, June 7

You should have seen me this morning—for the A. N. O. Breakfast. To put the finishing touches to the blue and white polka dot dress, with its short bolero, wrapped skirt and side flare combined, I wore a red close-fitting hat, red shoes and carried a red pocket book. The dress had a red leather belt on it, too.

After breakfast, I dashed home and changed to the green and white silk that Carol helped me pick out. That was for the A. B. Luncheon, the Baccalaureate Address and the Graduates Reception. It really served the three purposes quite well. The top part is white with a bow in front and ruffles at the elbows of the short sleeves. The green of the skirt comes up in a V, in the front; and the skirt is very full. Its very serviceable and will be just the thing for the boat this summer. Europe, here I come!

Now the family know why I wanted that extra money last week—yes, its the rose beige evening dress. They were all delighted with it. Even Rob had an appreciative remark for it—and that's something. The three tiered skirt must have gone over well, for Kit said I was the best looking girl at the whole Concert. The front neck-line is heart - shaped. Something new. The jacket is of velvet, only a shade darker. The whole thing is really rather different. And that's that.

Mon., June 8

Well, at last it's come,—and now it's gone. It's all so unreal! "Yours sincerely" a graduate! Oh, quite impossible! I didn't know quite what to wear to the Commencement Breakfast. But as Carol was wearing her blue and white flat crepe, I finally decided to come forth in the tan and yellow dress, with the jacket to match. Everything has a jacket, it seems. Anyway, with the tan hat and shoes and gloves, it did perfectly. Kit and I went dancing this evening. And he does dance so well. But I didn't start to write this account about him—and that's what it will turn into if I'm not careful, but he is a dear. My real intention was to keep this and to compare the styles of today with those of, say, ten years hence. Rather a good idea, what? And that's that.

(Continued on page 20)

COUNCIL OF DEBATE

(Continued from page 7)

president for the ensuing year. A special two point course in public speaking, designed for all those desiring to take part in lecturing or inter-collegiate debating, will be given by Mr. Murphy next year when the Council hopes to take up or continue its forensic relations with other colleges.

"Justice"

By M. E. P. Broderick

"Gentlemen of the Jeery—we, the counsel for the defense leave this case in your hands to judge. Justice rests with you."

There was silence in the courtroom as the jeery filed out, a silence pregnant with suspense and doubt. The judge toyed with the gavel, his eyes on the clock, thinking of a golf engagement for that afternoon. The sonorous ticking of the large clock filled the room. Minutes went by and lengthened into an hour — then two. There was a despairing impatience in the restlessness of the judge. The crowded courtroom was almost emptied of its eager scandalmongers. Dusk was creeping in over the sill of the courtroom windows when the jury, solemn-faced but relieved, filed in silently and took their places in the box. The foreman stepped forward and handed the judge the verdict. The gavel sounded although there was complete silence in the room. The judge announced the verdict.

And so ended the case of Unjust Criticism who had attacked Righteous Endeavor with the weapons of slander and ridicule. The case had not been headlined in the newspapers yet as the trial wore on, the universality of the charge drew an increasing crowd. Undoubtedly many a man and woman, once respected and prosperous but now ruined by slander crept in to see if justice had yet recovered her eye sight.

The counsel for the defense of Unjust Criticism had been smothered under by the clear, consistent logic and dramatic presentation of the counsel for the offense. The counsel had opened his speech with the following quotations—

Gentlemen of the Jeery,

"We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered
May be forgotten by and by"
and
"Hem was the father of bigots and bores
As the sands of the sea were they
And Haw was the father of all the tribe
Who criticize to-day"

He placed Unjust Criticism in the ranks of those that dare but never do. They never do anything but they dare to criticize those that do. Their ranks boast membership of the most despicable round table in the existence of human society—the parasite, the hypocrite and the liar. Appreciation of the fine and the noble is foreign to them. Culture, that harmonious development of all parts is not in their comprehension. Work, the builder of nations and men, is below them. Sincerity and trust, the basic elements of security find no entrance at their doors.

Righteous Endeavor was exemplified as the group of those farsighted souls who through the eyes of yesterday see to-morrow and seek it with wisdom and perseverance. They possess the intelligence to see their goal and the stamina to work towards it. Their steadiness of purpose keeps them from being swayed from their course. They are not filled with envy when their rival's strength is shown but with righteous endeavor they strive to prove their own." They do not deny the merits of others. They are too wise. Jealousy is not entertained in their presence.

The counsel had turned to the listening spectators—"I tell you, unjust criticism had ruined more men than this world dreams of. They roam the ways of the world, a legion condemned, exiled from the land of respect, or lie in some unknown field, slain by the vituperous breath of slander. I do not refer to constructive criticism, that sincere aid and desire to help that promotes the working of man to finer and better achievements. No, that kind of criticism holds a distinct and important place in the virtues of man. I refer to that

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Literary Supplement

ON WITH THE PLAY

"Alison's House" by Susan Glaspel has carried off the Pulitzer Prize; much to the consternation of the dramatic critics and to those who wagered on "Green Grow the Lilacs", "To-morrow and To-morrow" and "Five Star Final". But, I imagine, it was quite a surprise to Fourteenth Street too. It is a brilliant plume for Miss LeGallienne to sport next year while she rambles in Europe.

The passing theatrical season has held to the usual round of good, fair and foggy plays; naturally there have been some muggy ones also. Ethel Barrymore departed somewhat surreptitiously with her "Scarlet Sister Mary"; Walter Hampden carried on his usual fracas with his dearly beloved friends—the critics; and Dorothy Gish made a very hollow echo in "The Miracle at Verdun".

One of the few plays which stand proudly behind S. R. O. signs is "The Barretts of Wimpole Street". Katherine Cornell and Brian Aherne relive for you the glamorous and ever popular Browning Romance. Miss Cornell with her glorious voice and intelligent acting makes the thing better than it should be.

Charles Hopkins has produced "Mrs. Moonlight" and "Give Me Yesterday". "Mrs. Moonlight" with the lovely Edith Barrett and Sir Guy Standing making fantasy and whimsy believable to New York audiences.

George Kelly put on one of his plays "Philip Goes Forth". Since then, Mr. Kelly has gone forth to Hollywood to write original scripts for M. G. M.

Luigi Pirandello dabbles with metaphysics and peoples souls in the successful "As You Desire Me" with Judith Anderson. His "Six Characters in Search of an Author" also enjoyed a revival.

Philip Barry excited the drama followers with "To-morrow and To-morrow". A play which sparkles with his own brand of dialogue, is technically perfect but wobbles in its theme. Herbert Marshall makes a fascinating scientist. He will soon be in talking pictures—that is certain.

"The Truth Game" with Billie Burke, Phoebe Foster and Ivor Novello, who also wrote the play, was a diverting, pleasant comedy. It left no indelible mark of greatness on the drama horizon but proved itself amusing.

"To-night or Never" is the last Broadway offering under the great Belasco's direction. It gives beautiful Helen Gahagan the part of an opera singer and proves that she can really sing.

Noel Coward, with a question mark forming a halo about his versatile brow, made a bow to New York with "Private Lives", an amusing, frothy play to delight the sophisticates. And it did for three months—Mr. Coward and Gertrude Lawrence have since retired from their exhausing roles and Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger have replaced them. I do not need to remind you that Mr. Coward knows his theatre and has also coached Gertrude Lawrence how to twirl a chiffon handkerchief so that it really means something!

"Elizabeth the Queen" might still be playing in New York if Theatre Guild contracts in Boston, etc. had not terminated the run. Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt took care of the acting. A return engagement is asked for by all those who could not get to see this colorful, historical drama.

Frances Kerwin '32

Poetry of the Year

One of the numerous fields to which many valuable and interesting additions have been made during the past year is that of poetry, and it is here that space for originality combined with genius are ever welcome. Particularly with the coming of spring has there been an influx of creations in the literary world.

Primary among the new selections is "Opus 7," a narrative poem by Sylvia Townsend Warner, the descriptions in which, in spite of their modern surroundings, greatly resemble those of Goldsmith. Much spicy brilliance and humor succeed in making of it a finished work combining delicately beautiful poetry with the power of verse narrative, and in time it will doubtless attain a place of great importance.

Conrad Aiken also gives us a new collection with his "John Deth and other poems," a vivid, fresh, beautiful group tinged here and there by a despairing philosophy. Marion Strobel, in reviewing it in "Poetry" says, "I forget to look for the hidden meaning, or find I cannot accept beauty of simile and sound as so much tinfoil to wrap a philosophy."

Edgar Lee Master's "Lichee Nuts" has appeared and in it, hidden behind a Chinese mask, he puts forth his warm wit and wisdom. Keen satire combined with wise observation and bits of original beauty give the book a charm, "of rich experience, serene patience put into such convenient brevity that he who runs may read and reading think again."

Sincere thoughtful poetry, full of fragile feeling, we find in Hortense Flexner's "The Stubborn Route." Resembling, however, too much of the modern American school, she shows her true originality in but a few of her lyrics here and there.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse, too, has given us a volume entitled "The Secret Bird," in which, while she creates gentle, quiet verses she fails to inject the divine spark which make words poetry.

"Jonathan Gentry" a new collection by Mark Van Doren has appeared, in which Mr. Van Doren relates the life of the Gentry family. Its freely rendered blank verse is interspersed with rhymes and songs, but its characters are too obviously adapted to fit its historical background. Its reviewer in "Bookman" criticizes it, saying "it leaves room for much higher achievement in characterization and in poetic style."

The poetry of Frances M. Frost has been published in "Blue Harvest," and in its dainty distinction of epithet we note the sincere feeling and accomplished expression. Similar to "Renascence" at first, it grows more and more individual, and its genuine poignancy of description appeals to us. In "Songs of a Rainy Night" we find

"What was there in poplars, bent
to a world of wind
In leaves slit
From the stem by the daggered
rain
To fill a man with tumult, to
shake a strain
Of lost moon-colored notes
Out of thin
Darkness, out of a man's hidden
and hemlock bitter throat?"

Two other collections, "The Sonnets of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman" edited by Witter Bynner, and "The Poems of Gerard Manly Hopkins" edited by Robert Bridges have also been presented. The former owes much of its excellence to the selections as made by Mr. Bynner. We are aware of a minute and beautiful knowledge of nature and of a definite personal touch, the force and charm of his imagery make more definite his position as a poet by native right and instinct, one whose sonnets to use Witter Bynner's own words "rank with the noblest in the language." The latter, the works of an English Jesuit long dead, are but now beginning to be appreciated by poetry lovers. The use of new and different language, rhythm, and theme not comprehended at his time, have at last become recognized and duly esteemed. Justin O'Brien said, "Whenever we place him, we cannot but recognize that he was 'barbarous in beauty' and admire heartily 'the achievement of, the master of the thing' ".

And, lastly, we have Babette Deutche, whose "Epistle to Prometheus" seeks the Promethean spirit here and there down through the ages. Her powerful and moving pictures of Socrates, Christ, Voltaire, Lenin and Gandhi are amazing, but fail, nevertheless, to make the book an actual epic, although, true sincerity and deep conception mark its lines.

—Janet Loughran '34

"THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS"
Catherine Craswell

What estimation is to be formed of Robert Burns—both as a man and as a poet—is an indubitable question of controversy. The answer will vary according to the principles of men, the critical eye of the public, the worshipper of genius. Miss Catherine Craswell, who is herself of Scotch ancestry and a descendent of Burns' patron, in her latest book entitled "The Life of Robert Burns" sensed this conflict of opinions and in an artistic, flexible style dexterously draws for us an impressionalistic biography of the man-poet—perhaps with more accuracy than any of her predecessors.

In her full-length life of the poet Miss Craswell reveals a thorough knowledge and comprehension of Burns' intense nature, only as a countryman can. At times she is sympathetic with his turbulent genius, again in almost the same stroke of pen she exposes his frivolous philosophy of wine, women, and song with a lucid vein of humor reflecting the mannerisms of the eighteenth century in England, Scotland and Burns. As a man, "Bobbie" Burns was human—even too much so to please many of his contemporaries. His happy-go-lucky philosophy and technique is ultra-modernistic and twentieth century despite the fact that he has been dead a hundred years. What is more, he is an example of a farmer's son (we would say an agriculturist) who has climbed to the pinnacle of fame through nature's foster care. They say also that he captivated the ladies' hearts at a glance—another Lord Byron.

As a poet, however, Burns is an intense romanticist, as Miss Carswell brings out, characterized by a sincere geniality and a love of nature which stimulated his every song enlightening the private escapades of his life, such as "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mountain Daisy", "Tam O'Shanter". The spirit of the poet lives again under the skillful touch of Miss Craswell's pen clothed in thoughts of nature, as it did in his own day, only richer after a winter's repose. As one prominent magazine puts it "It is doubtful whether 1931—or many other years for that matter—will produce a better biography than this of "The Life of Robert Burns".

Ann Vermette.

"HERE ARE DOGS!" SAYS MISS DEPEW

A book of famous dog stories edited by Ollie Depew will be published next month by The Century Co. under the title "Here Are Dogs". It will contain short stories and articles by Dorothy Parker, W. H. Hudson, Booth Tarkington, Christopher Morley, J. Ranken Towse, and others.

Book Notes

Helen Hanson '32
Katherine Rourke '33

What a problem confronts us when we set out to review the year s books! Novels and romances, biographies, mysteries, and adventure tales — they crowd in upon us one after another, and from the array, so bewildered are we by the multitude, we find none to rear its head above the others. So let's just swing the bat around and see where it lights.

Well—there was "Angel Pavement"—J. B. Priestley's newest and best contribution to the ranks, by which he snatched for himself a place among the leading contemporary novelists, rich, mellow, and piercing, it gave us a familiarity and knowledge of characters that has been rare since Dickens.

Then there was "China Seas" by the late Crosbie Garstin, the best adventure story in many a moon. And while we're on those we may as well mention, "Mysterious Waye", P. C. Wren's perennial appearance in the realm of tense, gripping, and mysterious situations.

Just by way of contrast — "The Two Thieves", dealing with Roman oppression in the days of Pontious Pilate. Manual Komroff has patience—witness the fine detail of his work — and imagination, which accounts for the smoothness of his lines.

And along the same trend is "The Ring of Lowenskolds", which trilogy has been hereby completed and now rests as a work of distinction. Joseph Hergesheimer has given us another of his effective combinations of American past and tradition. In "The Limestone Tree", he makes excellent use of the latter to delineate and motivate his characters.

But now let's stop and refresh ourselves by considering a stimulating blood-coursing, thriller — "The Kings Minion", wherein Rafael Sabatini plucks his character from history and fashions with them a grim tragedy worthy of Dumas. From here it is a natural step to the stirring times of which Marie Grand Duchess of Russia, writes in "Education of a Princess"—as a first hand experience it is interesting, and will take its place with the human documents of the war.

"Shepherds in Sackcloth" by Sheila Kaye-Smith, a modern English Catholic authoress, is another interesting novel dealing with the ever fascinating English. But this time the characters are from a small English hamlet, and it deals with the life of a country rector. This tale is homely and simply done.

John Galsworthy is an author who, when he brings out a new book, has the interest of thousands —just so with "On Forsyte Change", a book of short stories well worth reading and very much in the old Galsworthian tradition.

To leave the English alone for a while, let us turn to some other authors. Early this year "The Education of a Princess", by Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, was published and called forth a good deal of excitement in the literary, social and just plain curious world. This book should prove very interesting to any school girl as it holds in its sway a great deal of romance and many glamorous adventures which really happened to one of our own times.

Along the non-fiction line another interesting book stands out; this was published last summer but that doesn't mean that it is old and that its content is old. It is "The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe. It is a story of one of the

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Years of Grace

Margaret Ayre Barnes

The choice of Margaret Ayre Barnes' latest novel "Years of Grace" for the Pulitzer award appears somewhat in the nature of an anomaly when one compares it with the prize-winning novels of the last few years. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "Laughing Boy" had a peculiar fascination, due to their dramatic and extraordinary subjects, that gripped the popular imagination. "Years of Grace" lacks both the unusual theme of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and the pathetic, foreign charm of "Laughing Boy"; yet, it shows a finished style and a facility in character delineation that lift it out of the over-crowded sphere of pretentious but shallow modern novels.

It is the story of a girl growing up in a small town during that period so well known as "the gay nineties". To us of this twentieth century that phrase conjures up a vision of dandies with sideburns, mustaches, high collars, and tight trousers; of simpering ladies with eyes demurely downcast behind fluttering fans. We harbor vague visions of squat oil lamps, ottomans, and bicycles built for two, and we think them all very quaint and odd. But in the pages of Margaret Ayre Barnes's novel we find ourselves actually living in the nineteenth century.

With the deft touch of the true artist, the author paints the intensity of emotion experienced by a young girl in the throes of adolescent love. Jane arouses in us a quick, sympathetic response as we meet her first hurrying joyfully along the shaded street to meet her shy, boyish, young lover, Andre, at their appointed meeting place by the deserted water-tower Jane's emotions turn from joy to fear and subsequently to fierce, uncontrolled rage when her parents refuse to let her marry Andre before he departs for Paris. She weeps and storms but vows that she will marry him as soon as she is of age. Not long after his departure, she persuades her parents to send her to Bryn Mawr with Agnes, her bosom pal.

It is at this juncture in the story that Margaret Barnes achieves that perfection in character analysis that has brought her such deserved popularity. We see Jane change gradually and naturally from a naïve rebellious child to a young woman of splendid character and lofty ideals. The transition is not made painful and unreal, as is so often the case in dealing with such a theme, but is accomplished with unusual subtlety and grace.

While Jane is at home during vacation her parents persuade her that her duty is to remain with them and "come out" as her childhood friends are doing. Reluctantly she assents and becomes a debutante. At a ball, she meets Stephen, a rather ordinary but altogether admirable young man, and finds his subsequent attentions very flattering. She remains true to Andre, however, until he writes from Paris that he no longer cares for her and intends to marry another. Soon after, she marries Stephen for whom she had a deep but unemotional affection.

Although the latter part of the book lacks the rapid continuity of the early chapters, it is none the less realistic. We see Jane surrounded by her children and a set of extremely uninteresting "in-laws", and are conscious of slight disappointment until Jimmy, Agnes's thoroughly charming but utterly inconsequential husband, appears on the scene. Then the placid, settled wife of Stephen realizes that, after fifteen years of married life, she has found the one man. He professes his love to her and begs

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THE BOOK OF THE DAY

(Continued from page 3)

History records no greater heroisms than those of the zealous and intrepid men who carried the Gospel from France to the savages of North America. What was known as "the Iroquois mission" meant an almost certain martydom, accompanied by atrocious tortures. The details of the deaths of Pere Jean de Brebeuf and Pere Gabriel Lalemant, the two priests singled out for the utmost display of cruelty of which the Iroquois were capable, were read with shuddering horror throughout France, the bald simplicity of the narrative serving only to heighten its dreadfulness. The women shared in the peril. A strong body of Iroquois ventured to attack Montreal, and were repulsed with loss. They captured a French woman, whom they tortured appallingly, wreaking upon this helpless creature their rage and shame at defeat.

There is much Indian lore in Miss Repplier's narrative. For example, the institution of companionate marriage, which among certain tribes permitted a girl to live with several young braves before making choice of a husband. The Indian passion for gambling was also a problem for those who were giving their lives in the hope of ameliorating the moral and physical condition of the red men. A bowl of bark and some black and white pebbles in lieu of dice, constituted the simple gaming outfit. With its help the young brave risked his tobacco, his ornaments, his weapons, his wife, his blankets, mocccasins, and whatever else he happened to possess. Reduced to nakedness, he wagered his hair, which, if he lost, was cut off and burned; and a finger or two which were severed from his hand though of no earthly use to the winner.

* * *

In time Mere Marie mastered the Huron, Algonguin and Iroquois tongues, and in turn instructed the younger nuns in the Indian languages so that there should be a supply of trained teachers. For their use and for the use of her little savages, she wrote simple catechisms in the Huron and Algonquin tongues and a primitive dictionary in Iroquois. But with deeper knowledge came disillusionment. She had begun, just as the Jesuits had begun, by hoping and believing that the Indian could be permanently civilized. After long experience she came to see that he was not a savage by chance but by nature, and that he offered an adamantine resistance to the processes of civilization.

Yet her work with the little Indian children bore fruit. When once she had broken down their barriers of reserve they were rather lovable little beings when washed and kept washed—the Indian in his native state being a creature of indescrible filth. The charges of the Ursuline ladies were scrubbed and combed energetically. One result of that was that little Indian girls, clean and supercilious, refused to play with the little Indian boys who occasionally came to the convent with their mothers, and who were both amazed and chagrined by such treatment. They were equally averse to coming in contact with Indian men. Parkman attributed the aversion to prudishness, to a precocious sex-consciousness, fostered by the teachings of the nuns. Miss Replier suggests that it was rather a natural reaction against an age-old tryranny of which the children were becoming dimly aware.

* * *

The story of a noble woman's life, "Mere Marie of the Ursulines," is also the saga of the building of an empire that fell when Wolfe and Montcalm met death in battle on the Plains of Abraham. It tells of the almost feudal lives of the seigneurs of the province in their Old World relationship to the vassals on their lands; of the growing gayeties of Quebec and Montreal; of the intrepidity of the coureur de boise and their heroic leader, De Lhut. There was one exploit alone that should ring with Thermopylae and Roncesvalles—when Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux and sixteen fellow volunteers went to certain death carrying warfare into the country of the Iroquois. For five days they held the growing hordes at bay and saved Quebec. When the last white man had perished the spirit of the Iroquois was broken; their hearts filled with a fear, half normal, half superstitious.

Romance and Tropical Terrors

We hate to show our ignorance, but really after reading "The Pattern of Chance" (Houghton Mifflin Company), we have to admit that we never knew that African Cape to be so interesting—and exciting. Somehow, it always made us think of jungles, and tigers, and wierd dances that are done likewise in Harlem. Well, now we begin to wonder. You see, none of these are mentioned once in "The Pattern of Chance."

Anyway, it's a capital story of the adventures of one young man in St. George's Town—a particularly out-of-the-world locale in the British Cape Possessions, wherein, with a prison term in his past, the said young gentleman seeks a new life and new opportunities. His super-sensitive nature forces him into isolation once more, and at the very apex of his loneliness he is thrust into the troubles of another, equally unwanted by the world. Why she is an outcast, the mystery of her secluded abode, and many other problems, confront the hero. But in the end it is a case of "Hearts and Flowers" and all is put to rights.

Gordon Gardiner, the author, spins his tale with the fine precision of an artist. Told in the first person, it rather holds one spell bound, without being too obviously a "thriller." In the frontispiece, Mr. Gardiner apologizes for what he fears may be inaccurate remembrances of the flora and fauna of the Colony. This is hardly necessary, as his descriptions of the tropical growths are so detailed and clear they could hardly seem to be inaccurate—anyway, they seem real, so who cares? And this same detailed description contributes enormously to the sense of atmosphere that is the book's chief charm.

We certainly should like to visit St. George's Town now—and we'd expect some gorgeous big Zulu (Baluka) to go 'round saluting us and being generally magnificently approving. We'd **love** it—wouldn't you?

YEARS OF GRACE

(Continued from page 19)

her to come away with him; but the firm character that we have previously seen in the process of formation comes to the fore, and Jane, after a supreme struggle, refuses him. Later he is killed in the war.

From then on, Jane lives for her children, and by her own experiences is able to help them with their problems, great and small. On a trip to Paris she meets Andre, whose image she kept naïvely enshrined in her heart down the years. The shock of the disillusion is great when she finds him utterly different from her cherished conception of him. She returns home to celebrate her sister Isabel's fifty-fourth birthday, and to reminisce with her old friends.

An invigorating atmosphere of sincerity permeates the book, giving it a flavor faintly reminiscent of George Eliot in one of those rare moments when her emotion swept down the barriers of her narrow, dogmatic mind. "Years of Grace" has a depth of feeling and a complete understanding of human nature that one seldom finds in the novel of today.

—Eleanor Flynn '34

Confessions of a Freshman

When I was young and in my prime, about eight or nine to be exact, I waited breathlessly for the day when I could wear long silk stockings, powder my nose, and stay out after supper and play "Run Sheep Run" with my older sister's gang. The day came and went, but I wasn't satisfied; I thought the height of happiness would be reached, when I could walk proudly up the main street to high school, with my red lunch box containing two cream cheese sandwiches and a banana, clutched firmly in my hand as an insignia of my superiority. Ah, the joys of being a senior in high school—to push my way autocratically through the herd of undergraduates who were milling around the mirror in the girl's dressing-room, and sniff in a tone of scorching disgust to a sympathetic companion "Freshmen"; to sit in the very east row in the auditorium and listen gravely to the conscientious speakers who told us that "the vista of the future were laid at our feet to do with as we pleased".

But alas and alack! ashes and alum! Gone are the days when I am satisfied with silk stockings and red lunch baskets! I now belong to the Ancient and Honorable Order of College Girls, looking forward to the day when I shall pour tea at meetings of the illustrious and all-knowing association of College Graduates.

On the first day I left home for college, imbibed with a spirit of adventure, the whole world not only ready but willing to be conquered. At last I had grown up. What wonderful new things lay in store for me! Luckily I was not deceived by a mental picture that "College Humor" would give—girls running hither and yon, attired in blazers and kerchiefs, whose pass-words were "Boop-oop-a-doop" and "Vo-do-deo". I was spared that.

But how quickly my ideas changed. No one knows how antlike a Freshman feels the first few days, unless you are one yourself. To see Sophomores rush into each others arms and exclaim rapturously: "Oh Henrietta, I have been dying to see you. Did you have a nice summer (as if one would say one hadn't)? Wait until I tell you about the new man I met with the most gorgeous eyes, etc, etc.—" until you arouse yourself from the lethargy and realize that you are eavesdropping on a conversation that has all the ear marks of being private. The ignominy of having to ask where the gym building is, when in all probability you are rubbing your nose against it and not to recognize the nobility of campus celebrities and treat them with respect. I shall never forget the surge of mortification that swept over me, when I was told that the girl I had asked to inform me if I had a telephone call was the College President! That was just one of several blunders! My greatest difficulty was in adjusting myself from being fairly important in a small high school from which I graduated, to being merely one more freshman in a large college. I am told now that I was both obnoxious and unbearable, and that several people could have scalped me without any compunction.

In time, however, things assumed their relative importance, and except for periodic attacks of lonesomeness, I get along quite well, thank you.

Just at present, I am "sustained and soothed with unfaltering trust" that, incredible as it seems, that someday I will be a senior, for whom obsequious freshmen shall open door after door, while I will sweep along in the resplendent majesty in which only a senior is clothed.

Marjorie Finn.

The Cover of this issue of Tatler was designed by Rosina Zito '34

Al Jolson In "The Wonder Bar"

Al Jolson made his long heralded return to the legitimate stage last week in "The Wonder Bar." The Nora Bayes Theatre has been rebuilt in the semblance of a night-club, over which Al presides with his customary urbanity, rushing down the aisles to greet belated arrivals in the audience, much to the delight of those already seated. He keeps things moving in his cabaret, engaging performers, smoothing their difficulties, and occasionally coming to the rescue with a song in his own inimitable manner. It must be admitted, however, that none of the songs is up to standard. His nearest approach to a "Mammy" song is a burlesque of ALL mammy songs—"Ma mere, mon pere et mon frere."

The rather strenuous plot deals in a vague way with the romance of a gigolo, Ramon, and one of the patrons of Al's cafe. The gigolo, the idol of the club, has offered to have mended an emerald necklace belonging to the lady. In doing so he substitutes a paste imitation. Immediately thereafter her husband falls into financial difficulties, and when she attempts to sell the necklace to secure money to assist him, she discovers the fraud. Thinking that her husband has purloined it to give to another woman, she is furious and assents to Ramon's proposal to elope. In the meantime Ramon has sold the necklace to Al, and with the money received Ramon and his lady fair start out on their "Glorious Adventure." It turns out badly, of course, and a year later they return to put on their dance at the same cafe. Al arranges to have the husband attend that night, and there is a rather hurried reconciliation in order that all may join in the surprise.

The most serious drawback of the play is its lack of pep. Despite some excellent dancing by a young colored couple, who remained anonymous in the program, and the continual presence on the stage of Mr. Jolson there were arid stretches solely lacking in humor or in any of the snappy dancing or gay lilting tunes which might have made this really mediocre play into a good one. Mr. Jolson works hard and conscientiously, but somehow the evening fails quite to come off.

Looking Backward

A learned Greek has said, "In the morning of life, work; in the midday, give counsel; in the evening, pray." We are in the morning now and part of the regime is work preparing for the closing of the day—the tranquillity of evening at prayer. Freshman year is the early dawn of that day;—a dawn that is enviably alive and vibrant and is so ready to burst forth to display its hidden wonder. It is pleasant to reminisce, to show off the vast knowledge we had acquired in all of eighteen years. We owned the world and were going to take it by surprise but the world was old and experienced and surprised us instead. We found out that "While we pretend to know more than others we really knew nothing". Three years have rolled by—the happiest, perhaps, we have known, if it will but be admitted, we laugh long over our mistakes as underclassmen—how we asked the college president to drop in to see us some time; or asked a senior if she were a freshman or even let a senior hold the door as we rushed by. It is all passing away from us and too swiftly whirling by leaving only the memory of its sweet fragrance. It consoles us that at least one more year will embrace us in its careful hold and our friends remain a while longer. While the cup is still within reach, drink deep of its soothing contents as it may some day warm weary hearts with cheerful memories and keep mellow the evening of our life.

—Virginia Alford.

"The France of Books"

Cherbourg—small, smelly landing place — Nice — cool, lovely — blue hills and bluer water—happy, carefree crowds—Chartres—the cathedral that dwarfs the city—Carcassone—golden walls—Avignon—"sur le pont d'Avignon"—the Pope's palace—Angouleme—Marguerite de Valois—imposing battlements—Blois—D'Artagnan's starting place—Deauville — races — fashions — tourists — Monte Carlo—the Casino—suicides—murderous roads—Fontainebleau—the chateau de Louis Quatorze—the forest — Versailles — exquisite palaces—Marie Antoinette, her dairy and fountain of love—Madame du Barry—Madame Pompadour—Paris! the world's most beautiful, most interesting, and most immoral city—little grisettes with their singularly ugly clothes—sleek hand some men—the gorgeous Champs Elysees with the Arc de Triomphe with the grave of the Unknown Soldier at one end and the Place de la Concorde and Ritz at the other—the tiny, breath taking, lovely Saint Chapel with its many, many panes of stained glass—the Louvre—Ruben's three great rooms—the Winged Victory—the Eiffel Tower—now unsafe and doubly fascinating—l'Opera with its staircase—the utterly reckless taxi drivers and the careless pedestrians—the charming open air cafes on the sidewalks, principally the Cafe de la Paix, where everyone gathers at five o'clock to drink chocolate and beer, except those who go to Harry's New York Bar to try some of his 1400 recipes—the nights, fragrant, soft, exciting—ah, Paris!

BOOK NOTES

(Continued from page 19)

most interesting of lives, full of incidents which seem almost incredulous. This book seems to have a refreshing influence and is most delicately written. "Memories and Vagaries" is the second in this series but it does not equal "The Story of San Michele" as its stories are not quite as interesting nor as well told.

If you want something delightfully silly, a book you enjoy while reading but then will forget it, then read Anne Green's "Reader I Married Him". It is easy, quick and light reading written in much the same vein that her first book, "The Selbys" was.

Susan Glaspell's new book "Ambrose Holt and Family" is charmingly written and the story itself is very interesting, being one of a poet and his family.

And as the galaxy has burst upon us, it fades away, leaving behind perhaps, one or two—no more—which will still be vivid when time has thinned the others from the ranks.

FLASHES OF FASHION

(Continued from page 18)

Tues., June 9

My last day on the Campus! Four years really do pass quickly. I spent most of the day lounging in the new purple and gold pajamas that Mother brought down for me. I think every girl on the corridor had them on. They're gorgeous! For the best and most exciting event, to me, of the whole Commencement Week—the Commencement Ball, I literally burst forth in a pure white evening gown of delicate chiffon. Over it was a scarlet jacket with three quarter sleeves. It tied in a bow in front. T strap slippers to match the jacket completed the ensemble. The outfit was so complete in itself that I didn't even have to wear one piece of jewelry. It was quite perfect! And so passeth another chapter. AND THAT'S ALL!

—Mary A. Robinson.

BOARDERS' SODALITY

(Continued from page 6)

lege seal. The presentation takes place at the Sodality Mass and is one of the feature ceremonies of Commencement week.

With the sanction of Archbishop Hayes, three diocesan Catholic colleges met at Fordham early in May for the purpose of organizing a Diocesan Sodality Council. The colleges meeting with Fordham University were Mount St. Vincent and New Rochelle. A joint union which is to include other local colleges is to be definitely constructed next autumn, having the following among the objects which are the basis for its foundation:

To strengthen the religious organizations of the individual schools;

To give college students wider opportunities for Catholic action;

To spread knowledge of the Catholic faith.

It is only fitting to include in a review of Sodality activities a brief mention of the Sodality's Summer School of Catholic Action which is to be held this year for the first time during the last two weeks of August at St. Louis University. Those students attending earn three hours of credit in applied sociology or religion. Surely no work heretofore undertaken by the Sodality Organization, no matter how great, can have been productive of more widespread results than, it is hoped, this novel work will be. College students, especially those living near St. Louis, are earnestly invited to enroll.

For the current year the officers of the Sodality of the College of New Rochelle have been as follows:

President of the College Sodality—Mary Morrissey.
Senior Councillors—Dorothy Fitzgerald, Alice May Lynch.
Junior President—Marie Colle.
Councillors — Katherine Moore, Edith Hull.
Sophomore President—May Spencer.
Councillors—Rita Wintrich, Elizabeth Kempany.
Freshman President—Rita Sweeney
Councillors—Betty Jolley.
Day Student President—Kathleen Cotter.
Councillors—Marie Seeley, Theresa Falls, Jessie O'Brien.

—May Spencer.

STUDENT SPIRITUAL COUNCIL

(Continued from page 5)

Last year a set of ideals and goals was drawn up, particularly for the outgoing class but which are applicable to any conscientious Catholic student:

Every New Rochelle girl a leader for Catholic Action in Clubs, press and parish affairs.

Every girl, upon graduation, to promise to engage definitely in some form of Catholic Action such as the following:

1. Teaching Christian Doctrine.
2. Parish aid — organization of bazaars, teas, bridges or other affairs. This helps to develop a social consciousness and promotes a better group feeling in the parish.

Making altar linens for the parish church.

Organization of a Catholic Little Theatre in the parish or town.

3. Writing articles for magazines and for the local press.
4. Informal or formal talks to boys' and girls' clubs, to factory and shop groups. These talks might comprise directions of the use of the Missal, good-reading, or the theatre white list.
5. Encouragement to others in joining the league of the Sacred Heart, Sodalities and clubs under Catholic auspices."

A movement was also inaugurated this year to further the abandonment of paganizing Christmas and Easter with the use of ridiculous cards that take away from the true meaning of these feasts. It was the pleasure of the Council to sponsor during the past season a most interesting and convincing lecture by Mrs. Josephine McGowan on the advantages that are offered to graduates to develop a sense of responsibility among the laity with regard to duties every Catholic should perform.

While the organization itself is comparatively new the thought behind it has long since been instilled in the heart of every New Rochelle student—the medium of expression is offered by the Council. Results are often not obvious from the "showy" aspect but it is sincerely hoped that its spiritual benefits will be manifold, that the encouragement of daily mass and communion and knowledge of the use of the Missal will arouse a greater reverence and devotion to God.

MAGIC CARPETS

Ever since childhood the Magic Carpet of the "Arabian Nights" has stood in mind as the preferred method of travel when in search of adventure, life, and thought. Now having grown and no longer openly believing in the Genii, books have taken the place of the Magic Carpet.

It seems however that the majority of us are selecting carpets soiled, ragged, garish, unworthy of adventure, instead of those whose woof is clear yet subdued, of untarnished beauty, whose very fringe lies true and straight as the weaver intended.

If you were going on a great adventure in quest of buried treasure, your shovel would be bright, your mind free. Why not use the same tools in your reading? Why read the "best seller" if after a chapter you find that a sodden taste will cling to your palate? With so much good in the world why seize with avidity the worthless? Life in its daily contacts shows to any of us with the eyes to see, enough of its warped side. It is up to you to throw light upon the dark corners of your nature where perhaps your ideals are being slowly cob-webbed, your faith moulding, your love of life fading away.

Get a book—not necessarily Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray or Scott—but some book that is going to awaken all the finer side of you and leave the glow that all high adventure brings. If biography is your fetish, read biography—but do not search out the life of some favorite of the court whose career would scarcely bear the strong light of day.

Romance—therein lies the average cause for reading—Find a love story whose author is not seeking to establish for his hero a Turkish harem, but rather something fine and clean; something of a foretaste of Heaven.

Naturally human nature being as it is, perfection in book characters is as impossible, improbable and undesirable,—since it would be portraying life mistakenly—as in real life, but get the best, the volume that will leave with you a clearer perspecitive of life, of true values and divine love.

Your Magic Carpet should glide over lofty pinnacles, descend to depths that will leave its Bagdad beauty of coloring unblemished, softened, and on its return journey to higher places, gather on its fringe a star or two.



NANCY GARRY
Incoming
President of Student Body

Reception Given To Nancy Garry

Home Ec. Students Close Social Season

A reception in honor of Nancy Garry and Marie Colle was given on May 13 by the Home Economics Classes, as their last social event of the year. Ruth McChesny was the hostess for the afternoon and was assisted by Peg English. The decorations comprised yellow tea roses; and refreshments of sandwiches, sherbet, cake, and coffee were served. Fifty guests were present, among whom were Dorothy Reilly, Virginia Crowley, Mary Morrissey, Mildred Hughes, Helen Stephens, Eileen Cleary, Martha Sullivan, Kay Murphy, Marian Magner, Alice Farley, Mary Byrne, and Kay Rourke.

MISSION DAY

(Continued from page 5)

Reynolds, Marie Smith, Mildred Hughes.

Specialty Dance—Billie Benoit and Margery Mohan.

Guests at Banquet:
Ladies—Alice Shelare, Josephine Dubuisson, Alice Lenny, Mary Kennedy, Helen Higgins, Adele Guillot.
Men—Doris O'Mara, Kathryn McDonough, Isabel Muldoon, (Capt.) Pat Cosgrove, Barbara Brayer.

Scene III—Eccentric Dance:
Girls—Billie Benoit, Helen Baker, Audrey Mahler, Rita Burns.
Boys—Helen Stephens, Eileen McMahon, Marie Phelan, Pat Broderick.

Finale—Entire Company:
All At Sea—written by Florence E. Murphy '31.
Dances coached by Billie Benoit, Margery Mohan.
Pianist—Marjorie Finn '34.
Orchestra—Freddie Cirillo.

Children dressed as missionaries gave an idea of the number of religious orders doing work in the Far East. The first floor of the gymnasium was devoted to the different booth displays; here there were linen and pottery exhibits, bric-a-brac and other attractions. Kathryn Nugent '33 won the traveling bag that was raffled by the sophomores.

A Japanese Tea Room was conducted under the direction of Virginia Hughes '32 in the Day Student tea room. Yellow and black was the color scheme and the waitresses dressed in different colored Japanese kimonos. Those who assisted were—

Through the cooperation of the business men of New Rochelle, the students were enabled to secure many donations for the affair, which marks the completion of Mission activities for this year at college.

SENIORS RECEIVE DEGREES

(Continued from page 4)

After the Procession, Barbara Brayer made the Senior Class Gift presentation. Brescia was the scene of festivities from four to seven o'clock where the Senior Tea Dance was in progress under the direction of Mary Morrissey; and so the activities of the first day drew to a close.

On Sunday the Alpha Nu Omicron Breakfast was held at the Cake Box in New Rochelle for the purpose of greeting the newly initiated members and the affair was given in their honor by the out-going 1931 staff. Later in the day, the Advisory Board Dinner was enjoyed at the same place and those attending were: Dorothy Reilly, Virginia Crowley, Mary Kennedy, Mary Morrissey, Mary Quilty, Elizabeth Maher—all of the Senior Class; Nancy Garry, Martha Sullivan, Marie Dowd, Helen Callaghan—of the Junior Class; the Sophomore representation was Kay Rourke, Alice Farley and Katharine McCabe; Mary Byrne and Elizabeth Shea upheld '34.

The Baccalaureate Sermon given in the Chapel at two-thirty o'clock by the Right Reverend James E. Cassidy, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Fall River Massachusetts, had as its key note sincerity of purpose coupled with importance of content. Following this, the Graduates' Reception under the supervision of Mary Kennedy took place in Leland Castle, lasting from four till six; during which time campus visitors were presented to the Seniors. At eight o'clock Sunday evening, the college Glee Club gave a concert in the auditorium in honor of the graduates' guests; and so the merry round of events marked the end of another day.

Today, June 8, the graduating class have already begun their day in the form of breakfast at the Westchester Country Club of Rye, New York at noon. Dorothy Fitzgerald arranged the affair. In the afternoon Cardinal Hayes will confer the degrees at the Commencement exercises proper which are scheduled for four o'clock.

On Tuesday, June 9, the New Rochelle tradition of Moving Up Exercises will be carried out in the morning. The Student Body led by Dorothy Reilly, College President, will proceed on to Campus where Miss Reilly's formal farewell to the college is made; as also to each class. In conclusion Dorothy turns the tassels of the mortarboards to their new positions for the next school session. In the evening, at a quarter of seven, the staff of the 1931 Annales are tendered a banquet in the Pelham Biltmore, Pelham, New York, in appreciation for their splendid efforts in the Yearbook. The long heralded Senior Ball occurs in Maura at nine o'clock, under the direction of Loretta Dwyer—culminating the highlights of 1931's Campus Career.

DAY STUDENT SODALITY

(Continued from page 6)

Albina Conte, Kathleen Cotter, Nemesion Coyle, Claire Cuneen, Edith di Pace, Katherine Donley, Josephine Gmitter, Elizabeth Houghton, Barbara Kamp, Mary Lally, Marion Marren, Helen Mascia, Doris O'Mara, Mary Quilty, Gertrude Roos, Adrienne Schmidt, Mary Sheahan, Mary Whalen, Agnes Wightwick. The exercises closed with the Act of Consecration to Mary and Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

A resumé of sodality activities, such as this, of necessity loses much of the spirit in which these events are planned. It is a difficult task to direct the spiritual lives of a few hundred girls of different temperaments at an age when religion is sometimes irksome. Will we succeed in upholding the standards of "Children of Mary?" Perhaps not; but, as Father Hoey's May conference so beautifully concluded, "When we have fled from the canvas despairing of ever capturing that elusive beauty of our dreams, our Master will come and seeing the scattered brushes, He will understand. A few swift strokes, and our work will take on life and color in the glow of His loving Heart."

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICITY

What is there in the Catholic Church? Why is She always being attacked? This is what we Catholics may often ask ourselves when the Church is made the object of dispute or controversy. Yet, do we ever stop to consider the number and quality of the converts to the Fold. It is well to do so for when we delve into the story of the converts to our Religion, we may be astounded by the appearance of a new vista "a book filled with the names of prominent historians, writers, philosophers, scientists, economists and men from all walks of life, who gave up fame, wordly goods, friends and the recognized position of leaders.

So it necessary in a consideration of the Great Converts to the Church that we come to an understanding of the factors which led such brilliant minds to Catholicity. To fully appreciate the trials and tribulations encountered by each before he entered the fold, we must place ourselves in a receptive state of mind—for we who were born into the Faith approach the tremendous subject of Conversion with diffidence.

Conversion has been defined as "the gradual discovery and acceptance of the Catholic Church by men and women who began life with no conception of its existence; and during their formative years it was no more than a name, perhaps, despised and certainly corresponding to no known reality." The avenues of approach to the Faith are numberless and the people who tread upon these ways are of various type. There we find the cynic, the sentimentalist, the fool, the wiseman, the questioner, the doubter, and the man who is seeking earthly power—for the Church is the only natural home of the Human Spirit. We may ask what is the explanation? If we look for the answer of the phenomenon of conversion under any system which bases the phenomenon on illusion we arrive at no answer to our question—then if we imagine conversion to proceed from this or that or the other limited and insufficient cause, we will soon discover it to be inexplicable. Therefore we find that there exists but one explanation and it is that the Catholic Church is reality.

Therefore it is to Reality that we must turn for an explanation of the magnetic power of the Church. A power which has and always will move men "to give up all things and follow Him who gave all to save men."

A SENIOR LOOKS AT THE ANNALES

At last the pinnacle of our four years has been reached with the completion of the Annales, the document which records with amazing accuracy all we have done for ourselves and others since our matriculation at the College of New Rochelle. It is one instance in the life of the timid or the reserved where she is brought to the fore; her character is depicted to the public and she plays the stellar role quite evidently in her own particular drama to her own particular friends. She is as she wants to be, and as she has often pictured herself, but due to modesty or even an inferiority complex, has been prevented or retarded.

Talent runs rampant through the pages of this great work. Latent abilities are not allowed to remain that way for long once a discovery is made. Everyone has a part to play in the make-up of her own year book and the part is always enhanced with the willingness of the player.

New Rochelle stands alone in her high standards for remarkability in annual records of her students. A great expenditure of money and time goes out yearly to make this record something in the life of every graduate which will always be remembered with pride and satisfaction. To begin with, a member of the class itself is selected for her outstanding qualities and ability to direct all the different departments and general make up of the book. Business manager is another position which the class members are careful in filling as economy proves a great factor in its success. By these two—editor and business manager—staff heads are appointed and they in turn select their cooperators, giving a fair chance to the entire class body to enter the proceedings for a successful Annales.

It is a strange but welcome sight to see the interest everyone has in the production of this work. The Prom held "way back in Junior year" was attended by everyone, for the enjoyment of it, yes, but with the underlying thought "this is for the year book." The various tea dances are crowded by all four class members—"Why?" for the 1931 Annales. Great concerns advertise—yes it helps their business in a way—but doesn't it help us more? These concerns know that, but with the everlasting interest age has in youth, we are made the beneficiaries.

As we shall look back on our four years summed up so cleverly for us in this volume, we have many to thank, and silently as we turn the pages we shall inwardly express gratitude to the ones who made OUR Annales successful—and to those before us who paved the way for our achievement.

JUSTICE

(Continued from page 18)

poisonous plague that rises from jealous minds too inert to busy themselves with their own betterment.

Dissatisfied with the earth created for them, dissatisfied with the progression of others, dissatisfied at their own unimportance, they create dissatisfaction. Then try to draw others to their own level and since fair means usually fail, they use foul. No achievement, however great, has escaped the envious smirch of these despoilers. No man, however virtuous, who has been drawn by his greatness into the white light of publicity, has ever gone unscathed from their pointed darts. I denounce you, Unjust Criticism, as a spoiler of achievement, a stain on the name of virtue, the workings of jealous minds, and lastly, a detriment to human society. As such, a dangerous criminal and because of your attack on Righteous Endeavor, I ask for your conviction."

And so ended the case of Unjust Criticism, that is—it would have ended it had the eyes of justice been open and the scales balanced; as it was the weary judge read the verdict, "Not Guilty".

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL

(Continued from page 3)

evils. Since the root of the disorder lies in the fact that men fix their eyes on earthly goods without heed of God and of things eternal, the principal remedy must be the raising up of men's hearts and minds to God, the serious improvement of manners and the establishment of a reign of justice. To this end, he urges all those "who wish to fight this good and peaceful fight of Christ, to play their part in the Christian renewal of human society."

With this paternal exhortation the Holy Father concludes the important document which he offers as a jubilee gift to the faithful the world over, that they may uphold the laws of social and economic justice laid down forty years ago in Pope Leo XIII's immortal encyclical. Eleanor Flynn '34.

QUIET TIMES AT N.R.C.

1—The Day of the Meet.
2—10 o'clock on 4th of Maura.
3—The last two days before vacations.

Dilemma!

A large room with seats—
Seats and more seats—uncomfortable seats, seats that are unstationary.
Figures in the seats,
Figures on the books of the figures in the seats—
Books with the figures for singing.

A figure paces—
Another figure passes—
A book closes—two books.
A mouth opens—voice projected,
Muscles contracted, diaphragm protruded
Thud—thud
Ictus, punctum—
Tra—
La—
La—
The figure retreats.
Books open—mouth closes.
Unheard footsteps approaching
Shoulder tapped—pride wounded.
Exit requested—
One more cut!

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BACCALAUREATE SERMON

(Continued from page 5)

The Seniors have a great deal to be thankful for this year, for having been ushered into this veritable chaos of a world, by such wise and sincere words, not of departure, but of beginning. Our banners of life have been unfurled by the ablest of men, and prosperity of soul, if not always of body, will truly be ours if we absorb the thoughts inculcated at our Baccalaureate. Let us always accept the words of Christ's special delegates that we may have no reason to regret the past or to find ourselves uncharted in the future.

TIME DRAWS NEAR FOR PARTING

(Continued from page 18)

sing farewells to the "pals" who are so shortly leaving the friendly and beloved surroundings. This is sad, to be sure, but only in the sense that all exquisitely beautiful things are sad.

One of the last traditions that is enacted is the "Turning of the Tassels." The four classes form a huge circle out on campus and the outgoing College President turns the tassel on each girl's cap to its future place—finally reaching the Seniors, whose tassels she places in the middle—as significant of their entrance into the "wide wide world."

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Why go to Paris, even New York, when we have French Salons in New Rochelle. Expert in every line behind the make-up.

IMAGINATION

Imagination is the younger brother of genius. Children and poets are its custodians. It is the justification of all who refuse to acknowledge the dull routine of existence. In the development of the mind and will imagination is a most powerful auxiliary. To the imaginer life is always crowded with romance and mystery.

While imagination belongs primarily to children and poets there is no reason why all kinds of people may not be child-like at heart and poets by avocation. Children in whom imagination has been highly cultivated get earlier and more complete command of all the resources of language, have a tendency to art, especially literary art, in their own activity, and are earlier interested in human history. The imagination is in no danger of losing its balance toward truth if the mind be held to close accurate observation and trained to tell with equal accuracy what it has observed.

An imagination vividly cultivated through fairy tales, myths and legends is enabled to exercise ethical judgment, and, because the circle of acquaintance is extended to include inanimate things a rich field is unlocked, where, on account of the simplicity and correctness of cases one learns to decide easily, rapidly and correctly.

In more mature years one's depth of imagination unfolds to him a whole world of wonders through the medium of study. Accurate and keen conception of the printed story is his to enjoy. Millions of people, young and old, who have been denied the advantages of travel, can, by means of word pictures draw upon this wonderful power of imagination to visualize places, scenes, people and their customs in this vast universe of ours.

A great deal of the misunderstanding of others which causes unnecessary pain and social bitterness, checking generous furtherance of one another's good purposes, arises from want of saliency of imagination, preventing us from being able to put ourselves in another's place. It is not without the highest reason that the Creator of Mankind has given fancy the advantage of the first start in our mental process. Imagination precedes understanding in our psychological history. This cannot be denied by the keenest observer.

Even those who smile gently or laugh openly at the whims and fancies of the imaginative people must, in the secret of their hearts, occasionally pause to envy such happy individuals. Drab indeed is the life of one whose type was sketched by Wadsworth in the lines:

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

For all too soon the imagination fades into the common light of day. Life is austere and exacting. Yet it can be made to yield never-ending charm to one who can hear "tongues in trees" and find "books in the running brooks."

For those who have lost their child-like imagination in the face of life's realities, is may still be purchased. Fairy tales stimulate imagination, reflect the unbroken communion of human life with the life universal and incidentally, but all the more powerfully on that account, quicken the moral sentiment. Books and music have the power to bring it back. The drama and the cinema speak its eternal message. It may even be had without money and without price from some brown-eyed youngster in whose immaturity there is rare wisdom.

Don't scoff at imagination in others. Don't be ashamed of it in yourself. In this prosy world it quenches an eternal thirst.

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART

"And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity." We could modernize the Apostle by saying that it is Love that makes the world go round but that would not alter the essential truth of the words he wrote nineteen hundred years ago. The psychology of human nature has changed not at all and Our Lord showed His divine knowledge of the human heart when He made His commands of love and not of fear.

There is something in humanity which innately responds to affection shown for it and as we may read under any crucifix, "Greater love than this, no man hath." The love of God did not cease there but His infinite heart burned with eternal flames and He sought to inspire His children with just a little of this love for Him. In the fervent affection of His Sacred Heart lies a rich treasure house of love which transcends any human conception of that emotion. Therein lie divine riches which may be ours for the asking if we but know how to ask.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is becoming more and more widespread as people realize that Christ wants to be loved even as they love their human benefactors. Great wonders have been wrought through intercession to this Fount of Mercy but its infinite supply of love for humankind will never be exhausted. The practice of offering our selves and all our thoughts, words, and deeds, in the morning to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is one to be cultivated for through it we sanctify our day and render all our actions precious, and perhaps in this loving union with the will of God, some spark of the fire ever burning in the Heart of Jesus may touch our hearts and make us love Him the more, and through Him, our neighbor. "And the greatest of these is charity."

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Language Clubs End Busy Year

The four Language Clubs—the French, German, Italian and Spanish—are among the most active organizations on campus. Each has as its object, the furthering of the literature and customs of its respective country.

Le Cercle Francais

Outstanding among the activities of Le Cercle Francais was its joining L'Alliance Francaise, a federation of collegiate French clubs. Marie Colle represented New Rochelle at the convention at the Hotel Plaza in April. Paul Claudel, Ambassador from France to the United States, presided as honorary president.

Dr. Henri Barzun, of the French Department, attended the Club Luncheon in March. It was held Chez Maurice on West 47th Street, New York.

The officers who have done much to make the monthly meetings a success are:

Dorothy Fitzgerald, President.
Constance Drapeau, Vice-President.
Marie Colle, Secretary.
Annette O'Brien, Treasurer.
Mary Hollister, Chairman of Eentertainment.

Deutscher Verein

The "Koffee Klatches" given by the German Club are campus famous for their hospitality. Dr. Otto Schmitz, moderator of the Club, always assures the members an interesting afternoon.

Early in the year the club president, Marion Lindemann, gave a tea at her home in Westchester for the other officers. They were:

Harriet Norton, Vice-President.
Margaret Kempf, Secretary.
Mildred Hughes, Treasurer.

The Luncheon in May was at Jansen's Hoffbrau in New York.

This club also took part in Mission Day, selling candy in novel money bags, perfume and steins at its booth.

Circolo Dante

The Circolo Dante, founded in 1928, continues to increase interest in things Italian, both cultural and social. Its officers:

President — Gioconda Lazzari, who is responsible for the Italian literature secured for the library.
Vice-President—Clara Ciccarone.
Treasurer—Rose Del Bello.
Recording Secretary — Virginia Gilmartin.
Corresponding Secretary—Aurora Ciccaone.

Tea Dance, February 8, on Conte Grande S. S. This affair—the aim of which was to purchase an Art Object for the new Auditorium—was most successful.

Lecture on "Mussolini, As I Saw Him" was given by Miss Fredricka Blanker, March 24, in Brescia Hall.

The Club imported some Ceramic pottery from Italy for Mission Day.

El Centro Hispano

Officers:
Dorothy Roche, President.
Lucy Domenech, Vice-President.
Eileen O'Mara, Secretary.
Grace Walters, Treasurer.
Dorothy Fitzgerald, Publicity Manager.
Elvira Selgas, Recording Secretary.
Mildred Hughes, Chairman on Entertainment.

Club Luncheon was held at El Chico's in Greenwich Village, where Spanish food, music and atmosphere abounded. The menus were illustrated by Usabal. The guests of honor were: Senor and Senora Becerra of the Spanish Department, Julio Camba, noted author, Senor and Senora del Rio of the faculty of Columbia and Florence Adams of the New York Times.

On March 28 a group of Spanish students went to the Hispanic Museum, lunched at the "Alcazar" on Broadway and afterwards, attended a Spanish "talkie" at the San Jose Theatre on 5th Avenue.

Doctor John Schuler of the History Department, was a guest at one of the meetings. He lectured on the Spanish American Colonies.



A Swan Song

Right now Commencement and the exploitation of sheep skins seem to be in vogue. The seniors command the attention and are putting on the final act in their college career. Freshmen stand by in dumb admiration, (Cheer up—you'll be a bit better off next year with your tassels turned a notch higher) and try to comprehend the significance of the occasion. They always lend an appropriate air of simplicity, anyway. Talk about being accommodating—the frosh are a dependable group when it comes to mob scenes.

The senior complex now begins to start affecting the present juniors; sophomores seem to breathe the unpolluted air of Upperclassmenship as they rudely wake up to the realization that soon they'll be "big sisters". Yet, in the midst of all these stirring emotions the seniors are the center of attraction.

Yes, college is just one sweet song; perhaps now that the shadow of a degree is lurking in the offing, these optimistic lasses forget all the hardships, reverses, and disasters experienced along the bumpy path of progress. We won't bother to go into the details; this is a time for happiness and light hearts, but you know, it looks suspiciously like rain.

Wonder of wonders, a shy little freshman dares to touch the hem of an august senior who in turn deigns to cast a passing glance over the section of her head to the northwest of her crooked part. The honored freshman fairly gasps as she realizes that she had been hallowed by the privileged touch. Her classmates groan with girlish pangs of envy as she paraded in and out of the curious group. "The touch, the touch," she intoned as she strutted, "Ah that is what holds the charm, for 'Words are like leaves, and where they most abound, much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found.'"

(With apologies to our friend Pope.)

Yes, so 'tis—the touch the love you skin to, and before anyone knew what happened all the seniors began to sing the weirdest melody. It must have been their "swan song" and just to relieve the monotony of the alto, a eulogy was chanted:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more—we'll deserve it." —Addison.

Jane Clary '33.

PEOPLE TO BE DONE AWAY WITH

1—The sleeping roommate who carries on a noisy conversation with herself and then concludes her broadcast from "Snoreland" by singing while you are up after lights trying to study without attracting attention.

2—Girls who can sleep while you dash off to a nine o'clock class.

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LOOKING FORWARD

As each Senior class throughout the universe at this Commencement-time takes its place among the rank and file of its fellowmen, there is left, to carry on their cast-off duties, a multitude of eager young men and women. They are fired with the enthusiasm and will-to-do that has brought about the great trend of advancement so preeminently alive and active in the past few years. But as each Senior class says its adieux, to its beloved Alma Mater, there comes a change in mode of living, and manner of achievement. From each class following, there is expected something bigger, something more elevating and inspirational; an accomplishment demanding almost superhuman powers in its attainment. No matter if the highest peaks were thought to have been reached, there is always that intangible snowy-covered area a little further up the rocky path that must be surmounted by the coming classes. It is taken for granted that something better can always be bagged on the same hunting grounds by a younger tribe. It falls to the lot of the three classes of undergraduates to step forward, also on Commencement Day; to carry on and find those missing degrees of perfection that were not thought to be deficient, but were unconsciously so.

The Junior, then, has watched for three years, as the duties of the final college year unfolded before her. The elevation to this high position must necessarily call upon her best qualities, and it is very few that are incapable of maintaining such a responsibility.

The sophomore looks to the Senior with more than admiration. There is coupled with it, an undoubted faith and love. As a "sister" class, it cherishes those qualities that are manifesting the truest and best; but if the Senior class is lacking in any respect, then deep in the sophomore's heart is inscribed the aim to overrule such short-comings when it becomes her hour to be the guiding light.

The freshman class can possibly see more that is to be remedied in college life than any other class. Being the youngest, it is naturally the one most advanced in the modern trend of education, and its application. Though it aims to follow out the present stereotyped plans of its Alma Mater, there most certainly lurks in the offing, and all for the freshman's nimble fingers to grasp, more recent notes of advancement. Coupled with alertness and ambition, there emanates a wealth of hope and reassurance that the present Senior's place will be, in time to come, well upheld.

The Senior must needs go out from her Alma Mater, and seek other fields of achievement. Her scholastic work has been well done; there remains upon the shoulders of each girl, the duty of intermingling her college success with her daily life and bringing about complete satisfaction, both objectively and subjectively considered. But to the undergraduate remains a duty both difficult and somewhat fearful—the attempt to fill the place of such an array of splendid young womanhood as it is necessary to do.

Since Carlyle has said: "Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage you. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right", then shall we, of the undergraduate denomination, strive in every way to maintain our Alma Mater as a name that stands for all that is of the essence of perfection.

JUNIORS ARE HIGH SCORERS FIELD DAY

(Continued from page 5)

Shot Put

Campbell	28'3½"
Moneta, '32	27'6½"
Cohn, '32	26'2½"

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THE NIT-WITS

Dear Nit-Wits:

Ques. I am twenty years old, inclined to be stout, and have never been known for my beauty. What can I do to become popular with the girls at the college that I attend?

Ans. Buy yourself a new evening dress, decide to go to the biggest dance of the season. For your escort invite the best looking boy that you know—it doesn't make any difference if he has no personality, or that he dances all over your feet, as long as he is a perfect reproduction of an Arrow Collar advertisement.

Ques. Is it possible for a young lady to be in love with two men at the same time?

Ans. Yes, quite possible; especially if one has a blue Cord, and the other a green Auburn.

Ques. They say that two can live as cheaply as one, if one is on a diet. When is it possible for three or four to do the same thing?

Ans. When one of them has a very good position and a heart equally as big.

Ques. My little boys are extremely fond of peppermint and despise spinach as most children do. How can I contrive to disguise the spinach.

Ans. A good idea might be to buy two cans of paint, red and white, flavor them with peppermint, put the spinach in long rolls and paint them with the red and white paint.

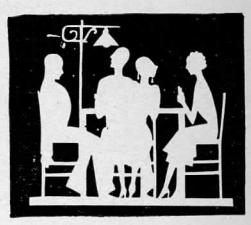
Ques. With prosperity just around the corner, and the subway trying to put through a seven cent fare, what do you think would do the most good?

Ans. As Groucho Marx would say, "What this country needs is a good seven cent nickel."

Ques. What do the Seniors commence when they commence on Commencement?

Ans. Haven't you ever heard any Commencement Day speeches?

—Mary A. Robinson.



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NOTICE

Due to an error, it was stated in the issue of May 12 that the Ware's Photographic Studio offered a commission to students securing customers for them. We wish to say that this is not so.

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